SPECIAL SPRING ISSUE

MAD

IND

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No. 87 June '64

PRESENTING...

OUR CLOWNING ACHIEVEMENT!

THE 3-RING MAD

A Potpourri of Preposterous Presentations From The Past

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☐ Like MAD
☐ The Ides Of MAD
☐ Fighting MAD
☐ The Voodoo MAD
☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
☐ Don Martin Steps Out
☐ Don Martin Bounces Back
☐ Dave Berg Looks At The USA

I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH

NUMBER 87 JUNE 1964

MAD

"Sometimes, the best scheme for doubling your money is to fold it in half and stuff it back in your wallet!" – Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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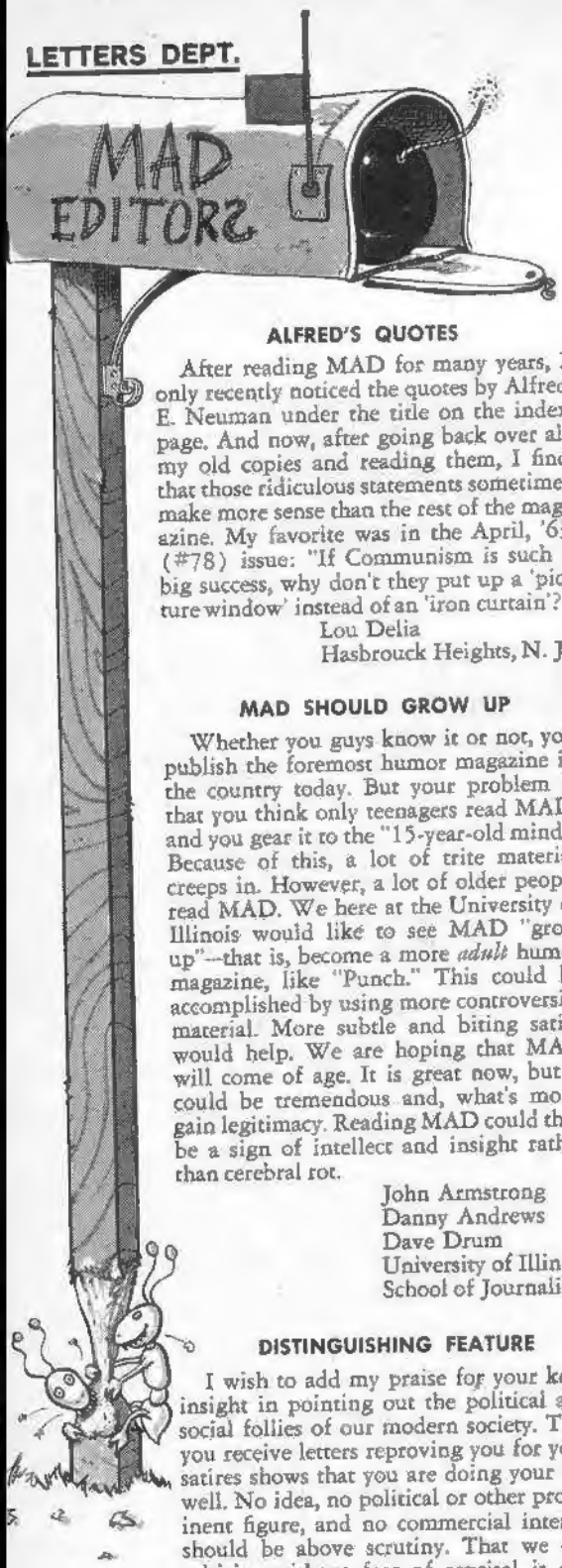


ALFRED'S QUOTES

After reading MAD for many years, I only recently noticed the quotes by Alfred E. Neuman under the title on the index page. And now, after going back over all my old copies and reading them, I find that those ridiculous statements sometimes make more sense than the rest of the magazine. My favorite was in the April, '63 (#78) issue: "If Communism is such a big success, why don't they put up a 'picture window' instead of an 'iron curtain'?"

Lou Delia
Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

MAD SHOULD GROW UP

Whether you guys know it or not, you publish the foremost humor magazine in the country today. But your problem is that you think only teenagers read MAD, and you gear it to the "15-year-old mind." Because of this, a lot of trite material creeps in. However, a lot of older people read MAD. We here at the University of Illinois would like to see MAD "grow up"—that is, become a more *adult* humor magazine, like "Punch." This could be accomplished by using more controversial material. More subtle and biting satire would help. We are hoping that MAD will come of age. It is great now, but it could be tremendous and, what's more, gain legitimacy. Reading MAD could then be a sign of intellect and insight rather than cerebral rot.

John Armstrong
Danny Andrews
Dave Drum
University of Illinois
School of Journalism

DISTINGUISHING FEATURE

I wish to add my praise for your keen insight in pointing out the political and social follies of our modern society. That you receive letters reproving you for your satires shows that you are doing your job well. No idea, no political or other prominent figure, and no commercial interest should be above scrutiny. That we can criticize without fear of reprisal is one great feature that distinguishes us from a totalitarian country. When we can no longer do this, I'm moving out.

James Hinnersch
Devon, Pennsylvania

SAVING GREATS

My husband shares my feelings about MAD, and we both think that our children will appreciate our old issues someday—as an encyclopedia of the best in American humor and satire.

Mrs. James H. Seals
Alvin, Texas

NUMBERS GAME

Your 3-63 issue (#85) was 1-derful. The article I enjoyed most was the 1 on pages 27, 28 and 29: "When They Use Numbers 4 Everything." It was just 2 gr-8 for words. It illustr-8-ed the crisis that we are falling in-2. The public 6 their dogs on postmen, so the Post Office Department 6 their zip code system on us. Nevertheless, I 1-der. Don't you think you exagger-8-ed a little 2 much?

1176854 the III
(David Twersky)
Seattle, Washington

That asi-9 10-dency 2 exagger-8 is our 4-té! —Ed.

POETIC INJUSTICE

Thanks to MAD's influence—ecch!—on the younger generation, I look forward to another year of weirdo compositions in my English classes. Thanks to MAD's influence on *me*, I am compelled to write this sickening MAD-type parody:

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN GRADING

The time I've lost in grading
(A-walking and a-wading
In whacky streams
Of freshman themes)
Has caused my vision's fading,
Though Sleep has often sought me,
I've skipped the rest he's brought me.
My only dreams
Are MAD-wrought themes,
And folly's all they've taught me.

James D. Hill, English Teacher
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

AN OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD PLUG

Your mag gets a real nice plug in a new science-fiction movie called "The Visitor." Next thing you know, MAD will be on Broadway!

Alan Bradwire
Miami, Florida

HOSE ON FIRST?

Thought you might be interested in this photo I took of two fire chiefs hard at work at a recent fire.

Doral Chenoweth
Toledo, Ohio

COOL MAD FANS

While Mr. John Bennewitz and I were in the Arctic, we took time to show some of the Canadian Eskimos "MAD Magazine," and can prove it. These pictures were taken approximately 250 miles from the North Pole.

Harold Scroggy
Akron, Ohio

SUB SUBTRIFUGE

Ever since reading the *Saturday Evening Post* article about your publication, I've wanted to subscribe. But my wife wouldn't let me. Therefore, I am sending the enclosed check for $2.00 and the enclosed name and address of my sister. I am giving her a "Gift Subscription" to MAD, and will visit her 9 times during the next year.

Fred Heckled
(Not my Real Name)
Ventura, California

SIGNIFICANT MOVE

I have a potted plant named "Arthur" which has been growing in my bedroom for several years. Recently, it grew so big that it toppled over on me during the night. Does this have any significance?

Andy Kargacos
Mt. Prospect, Illinois

Obviously you've mis-named your plant, and "Arthur" should be "Martha"! Because she's fallen for you!—Ed.

MAD BEASTLIES

This concerns "MAD Beastlies" in issue #85. If congratulations is the right word, then congratulations to Phil Hahn and Paul Coker for a real fine job and a great new refreshing idea. I hope "MAD Beastlies" will be a regular feature in future issues of MAD. Phil and Paul make a beautiful team.

Larry Hodges
West Memphis, Arkansas

MISSED THE HORROR

In your latest issue, surrounding the title to "Mannie Get Your Ghoul," you had portraits of many famous horror characters and movie monsters. Except that one portrait wasn't of one of these, it was of Nick Adams as "The Rebel." I don't dig that.

Caroline Triplett
Sparta, North Carolina

Obviously you never saw Nick Adams as "The Rebel" on TV—because that was the worst horror of all!—Ed.

SPY VS. SPY VS. SPY

I think that the "Spy vs. Spy vs. Spy" series by Prohias are hilarious and a stroke of genius. So how come the woman always wins?

Richard S. Warner
Media, Pennsylvania

You know one that doesn't?—Ed.

HIDING THAT TRASH

In your latest annual, "MAD Follies," you had an insert bonus of "MAD Paperback Book Covers" with the instructions: "Hide that trash you are reading with dull intellectual titles." As you can see, that is exactly what I am doing in the enclosed picture—mainly pasting them on MAD Paperback Books.

Jimmy Clark
Glendale, California

STAFF ANALYSIS

My neighbor, who is a Psychiatrist, reads MAD every month. He feels that your writers and artists show definite signs of hostilities, traumas, neuroses and basic insecurities.

Paul Stenzel
San Mateo, California

In other words, they're just like everybody else in this world!—Ed.

UNFAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT

I don't see why some parents gripe about MAD. Evidently, they don't take the time to read it thoroughly. If they did, I'm sure they'd find it a lot more acceptable than some of the trash *they* read!

Name Withheld By Request
Spencerville, Maryland

SEEN READING MAD

I recently read in a Cincinnati newspaper that Bill Abernathy, a senior and varsity basketball player for the University of Cincinnati, was seen reading a recent issue of MAD. Bill has a 3.8 average and is on the Dean's List at the University. Congratulations for warping another mind.

Dave Williams
Cincinnati, Ohio

WHY NO MAD ADS ON TV?

Why don't you advertise MAD on TV? Won't the networks allow it?

Mark Bollhardt
Jersey City, N. J.

No, our pocketbook won't allow it!—Ed.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Why don't you give your characters more common names like "Fred" and "George" instead of those ridiculous names that no one could possibly have?

Calderham Y. Squeeb
Santa Maria, California

DAVE BERG PAPERBACK

I just finished your latest pocket book, "MAD's Dave Berg Looks At The U.S.A." and thought it was absolutely great!

Roger R. Morrison
East Meadow, Long Island

I cracked up reading it.

Mike Brecht
Affton, Missouri

WHAT ARE YOU CALLED?

If the people who write ads are called Ad-Men, are you people who write MAD called MAD-men?

Werner Leupold
Saratoga, Calif.

Sometimes that—but often much worse!—Ed.

SUDDEN INSPIRATION

I'm writing this letter to let you know the reason I have never written to you before and will never write to you again. The reason is simply—I could never think of anything stupid enough to write to you about.

Teddy Zeitlin
Brooklyn, New York

Until now!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 87, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

WHY KILL YOURSELF?

JUST BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE LAST ISSUE ON THE NEWSSTAND?

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

AND GET 9 ISSUES FOR THE PRICE OF 8, OR 24 ISSUES FOR THE PRICE OF 20—MAILED RIGHT TO YOUR HOME!

----------use coupon or duplicate----------

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
850 Third Avenue
New York City, N. Y. 10022

☐ I enclose $2.00.* Please enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 9 issues of MAD

☐ I enclose $5.00.** Please enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 24 issues of MAD!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ Zip Code _____

*Outside U.S.A., $2.50. **Outside U.S.A., $6.25. Please allow 8 weeks for your subscription to be processed. Check or Money Order only—no cash accepted.

$250.00 EACH!

Yep, that's the profit we could've made if we'd sold these ad spaces to Madison Avenue. Instead, we stupidly use these spaces to plug our full-color portraits of **Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid**—for an average profit of 73¢ each time. If you want to compound this idiocy, order your portrait today! It's great for framing or wrapping fish! Mail 25¢ to: **MAD, Dept. "What—Color?"** 850 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

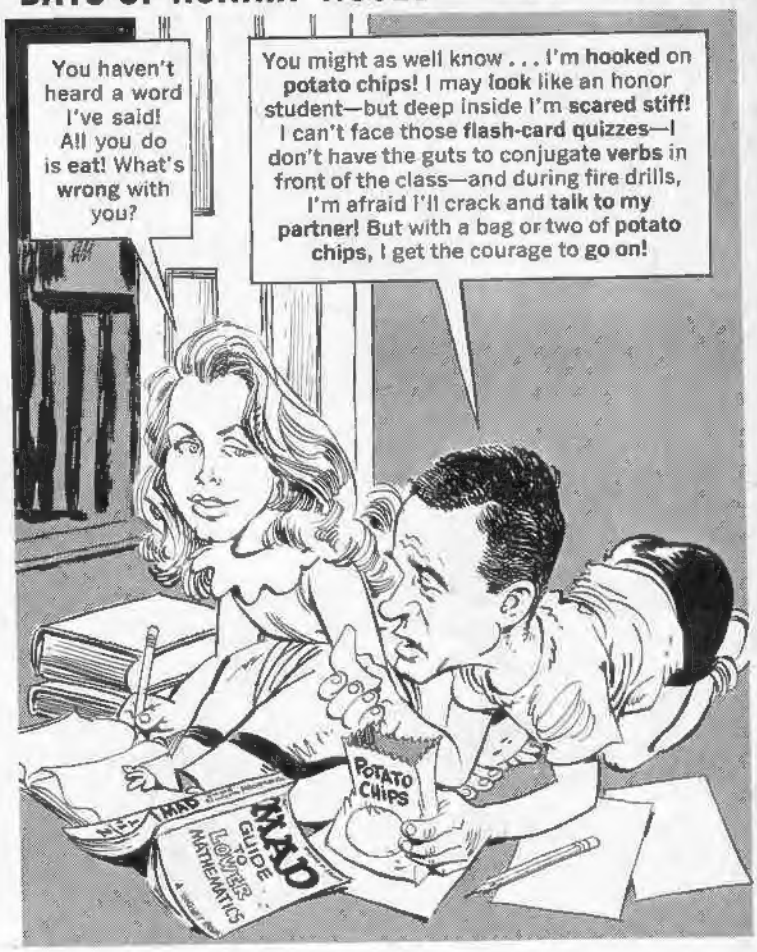
TOT A-OKAY DEPT.

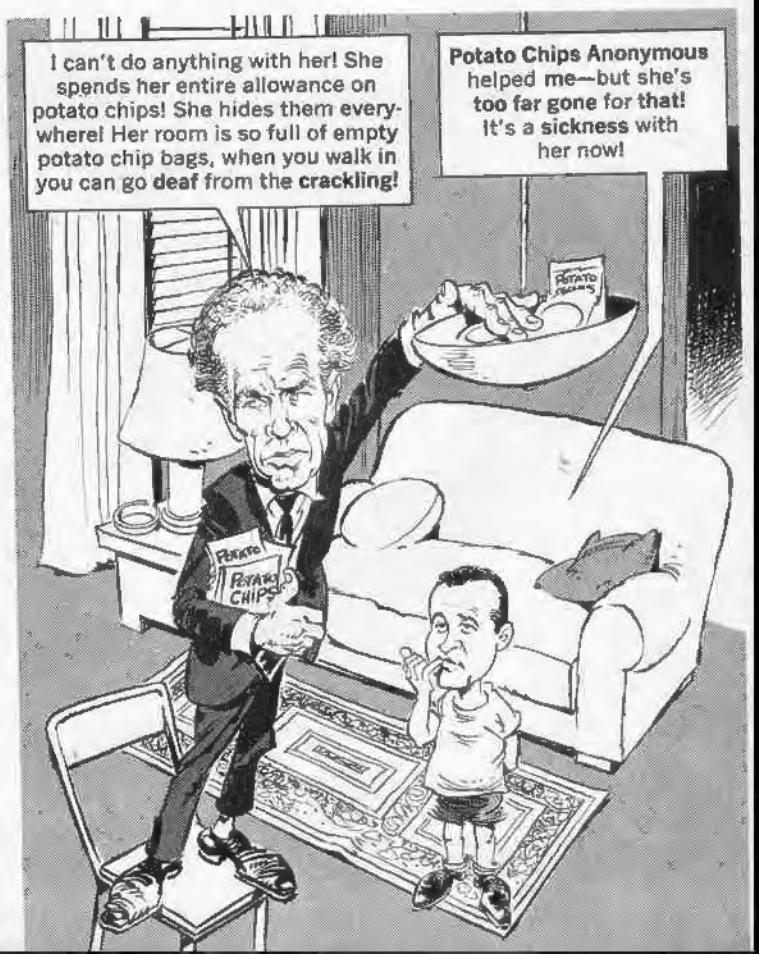
In order to compete with television and bolster sagging box office receipts, the folks that make motion pictures began turning out a new kind of product: "The Adult Film". These films were called "Adult" because they dealt with adult life, they examined adult problems, and mainly, they were dirty! Which is all well and good for adults, but where does it leave the kids? After all, how many Disney movies about dogs can a young movie-goer take? In other words, what we at MAD are suggesting is that the movie makers continue to make their "Adult Films" with adult plots for adult audiences, but that they also cater to the younger movie fans by turning out

KIDS' VERSIONS OF ADULT FILMS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: STAN HART

"DAYS OF RUNNIN' NOSES"—a Kid's Version of





"Days Of Wine And Roses"

How about **you?** Haven't you **any vices?**

Not really! I can take popcorn—or leave it! And I munch salted peanuts now and then—but only to be sociable! But I stay away from **serious** noshing —like **potato chips!**

Aw, c'mon, baby! **Live** a little! Try **one!** You don't know what you're missing . . . !

Well . . . they **do** look crispy good! But **only one** . . .

Weeee!! This is **great!** Hey, gimme a chance! Your **hand** is bigger than mine! **No fair! WHOO-O-O-PEE!!**

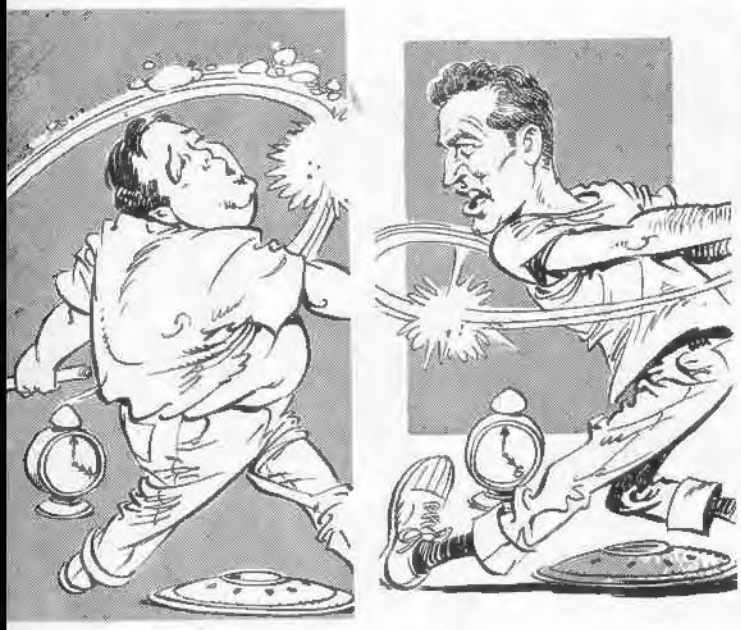
Boy, I never saw anyone fall so **far** so **fast!**

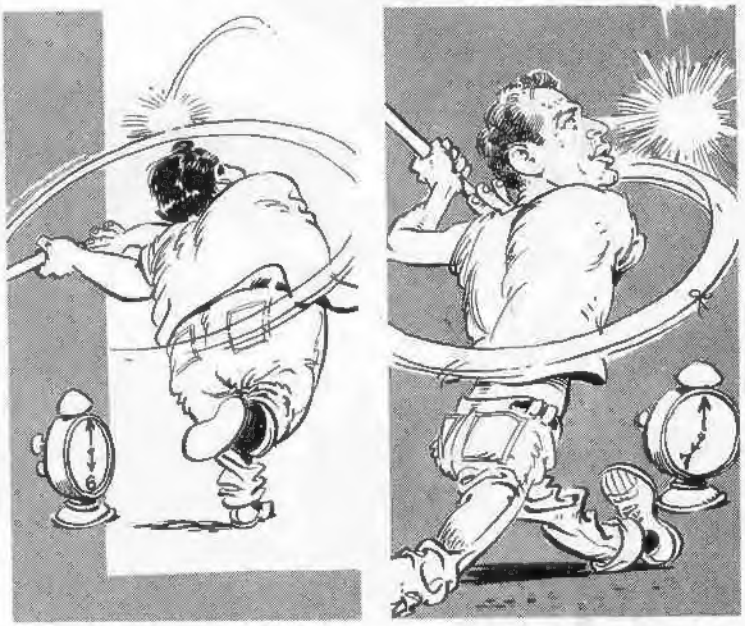
You gotta pull yourself **together,** baby! Look at your homework . . . big greasy fingerprints all over it! And the **salt** from your hands is corroding your loose leaf book! You gotta **stop** this!

I've tried! Lord **knows** I've tried! But I can't **control** myself! I take a potato chip and I say, "**One**—Only **this one!**" But everybody knows, once you **start** on potato chips, you **just can't stop!** They always taste like **more!!**

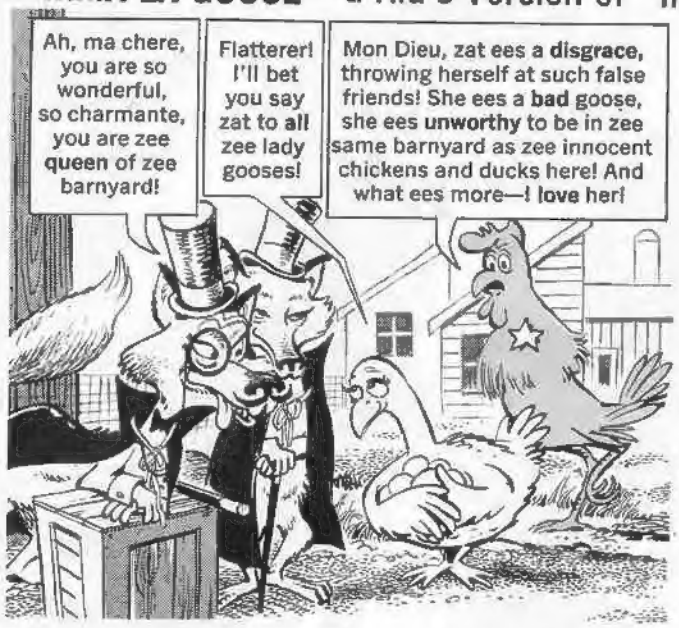
There she goes! Staggering from delicatessen to delicatessen! Gad, what a wasted life! I guess I'm one of the **lucky** ones! I **kicked the habit** when I discovered it was more fun to **bite my nails!!**

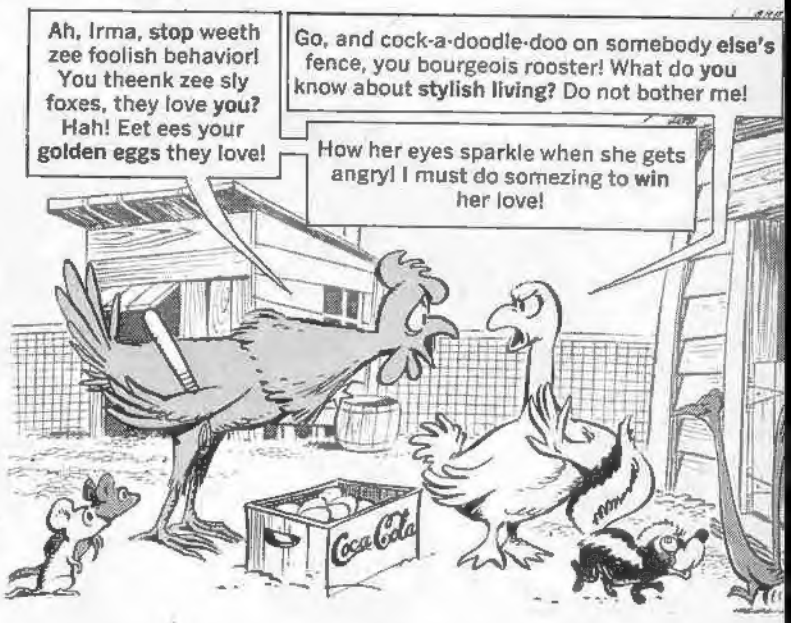
"THE YOUNG HUSTLER"—a Kid's Version of "The Hustler"

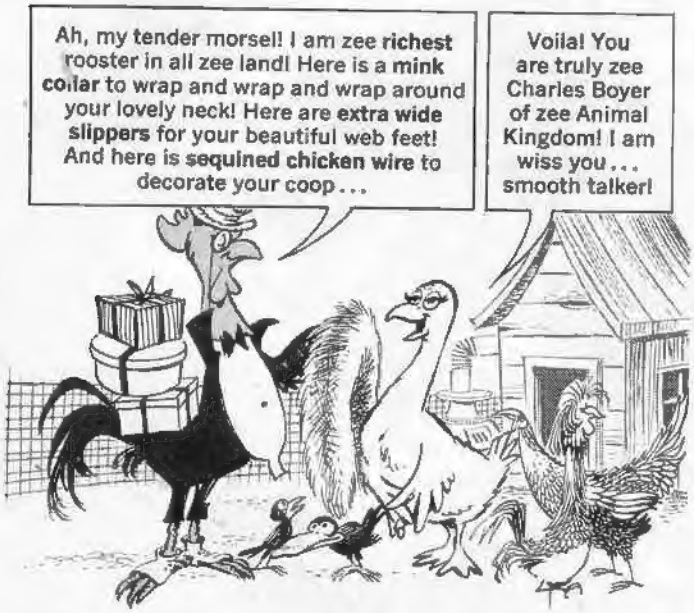


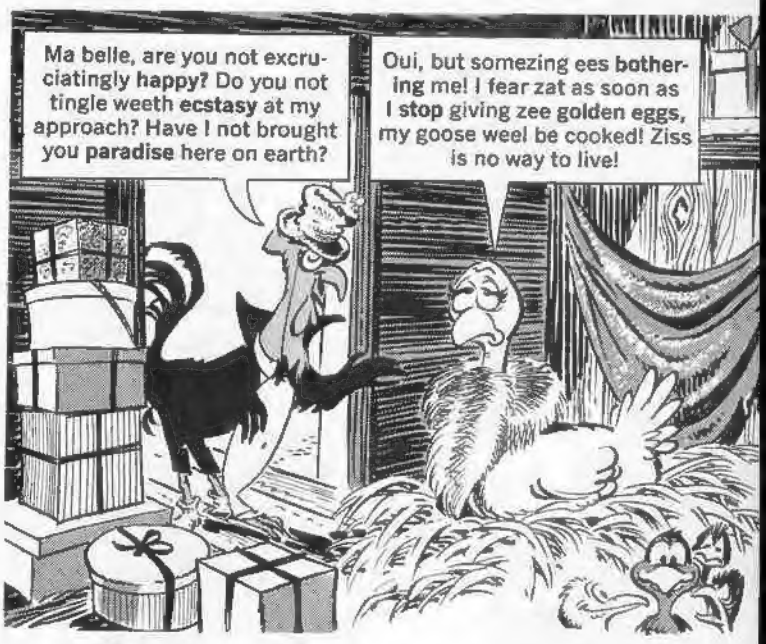


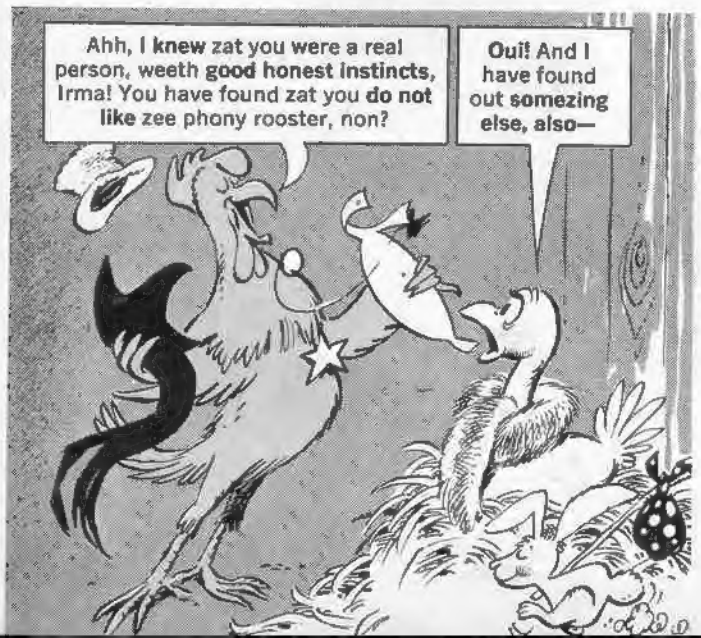
"IRMA LA GOOSE"—a Kid's Version of "Irma La Douce"

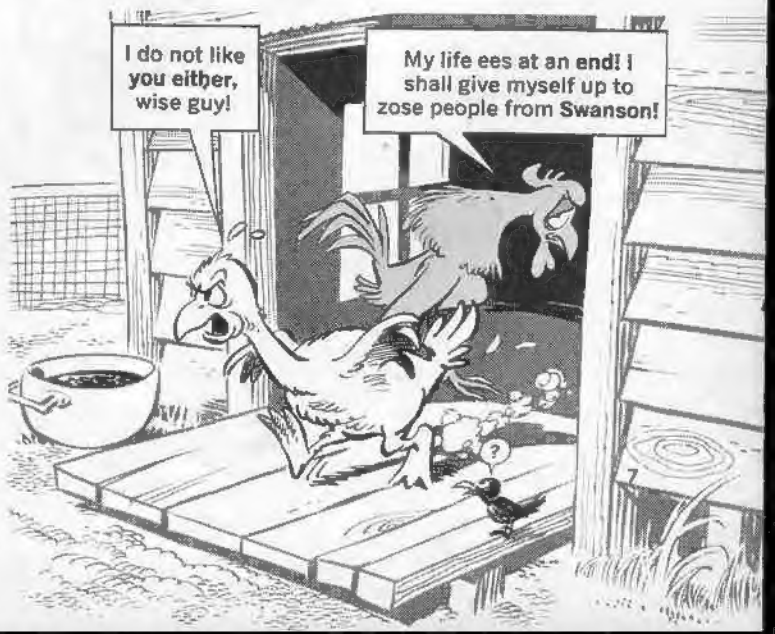












"NEVER ON SAT., SUN., OR HOLIDAYS"—a Kid's Version of "Never On Sunday"

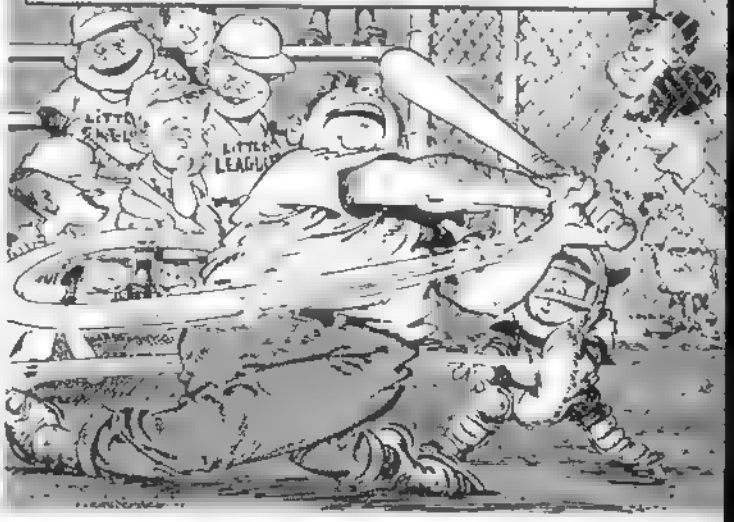
"MONDO CANDY CANE"—a Kid's Version of "Mondo Cane"

Deep in the Amazon Rain Forest, the young people of the Me,arro Tribe look forward with eagerness to the annual event known as the "**Calla Walla Bing Bang**"...

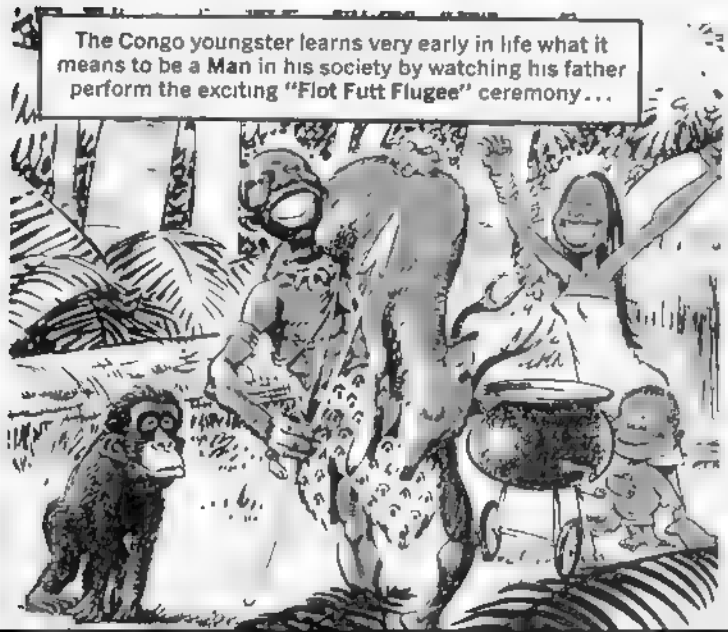
While it is different in the United States of America, where the same kind of event is looked on in **horror** and **loathing**! Because the English translation of "Calla Walla Bing Bang" happens to be **"Go Dance With Your Cousin!"**

In Kenya, young boys thrill to the **"Hutsut Rahlstun Onde Rillahraw"** ritual, in which fathers instruct them in the art of the hunt...

But here in the U.S.A., "Hutsut Rahlstun Onde Rillahraw" loosely translated means, **"Let Your Old Man Show You!"**—one of childhood's most nauseating rituals!



The Congo youngster learns very early in life what it means to be a **Man** in his society by watching his father perform the exciting **"Flot Futt Flugee"** ceremony...

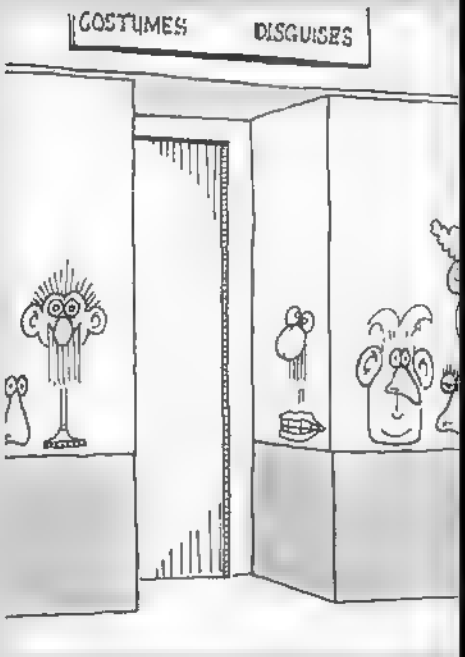


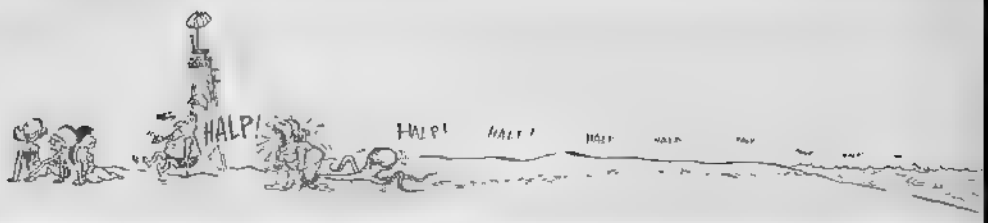
The American youngster also realizes very early in life what it means to be a Man in his society by watching his father perform. Because here, "Flot Futt Flugee" loosely translated means **"Enjoy Your Mah Jong Game, Dear!"**

AT THE MASK STORE

ONE MORNING

THE SHOPLIFTER





THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Drive the all-new, vastly improved, slightly enlarged, basically unchanged, exactly the same as last year . . .

1964 PLYMIC

The Luxury Car
With The Economy Price

ONLY $2134*

*POWER STEERING, POWER BRAKES, WHITEWALLS, RADIO, HEATER, DEFROSTER, SEATS, ROOF FLOOR, FRAME, PAINT JOB, AND DELIVERY BEYOND FACTORY GATE OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

The two ads above are typical of hundreds you've seen before. Notice anything about them to make you snarl, stamp your feet, jump up and down and scream in anger? We're talking about that little asterisk next to the price! We've all been conditioned to *accept* this sneaky

WATCH THAT PRICE

*MAINLY BECAUSE A SNEAKY LOW PRICE CAN BE

TOP QUALITY MONGROL PENCILS

1¢* EACH

*LEAD OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

Since lead is 14¢ extra, pencil that writes is actually no bargain. Naturally, some trouble-making malcontents will insist on getting 1¢ pencils, so dealer is prepared with ample stock of solid wood ones just for this purpose.

SIZZLING, DELICIOUS

LARGE PIZZA

*TO GO ONLY

If eaten in Pizza Parlor, pie costs regular $1.50. Clever "To Go" price of 49¢ does not include cardboard carton which costs $1.01. Anyone who has ever carried hot, gooey pizza in his bare hands will gladly pay price of carton.

LOOKING FOR YOUR DREAM HOME?

Live as you've never lived before... in the wonderful new Split-Level Colonial Cape Cod Award-Winning Ranch Model

AT

Deluded Acres

ONLY

$12,990*

*LAND, TREES, SHRUBS, GRASS, SIDEWALKS, STREET, UTILITY HOOK-UPS, CLOSING CHARGES, LEGAL FEES AND KEYS TO FRONT, SIDE, BACK AND GARAGE DOORS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

little trick in ads for *high-priced items!* And this could prove to be our undoing. Because manufacturers of *low-priced items* will take courage and adopt this nefarious practice and we'll be seeing ads like the following, in which we'll have to be especially careful to

WITH THE ASTERISK*

COME A RIDICULOUS HIGH PRICE AT BUYING TIME!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: AL JAFFEE

GREENTHUM NURSERY'S BARGAIN-OF-THE-MONTH

4 FOOT EVERGREENS

$4.00* EACH

*AS SHOWN

Note that these evergreens "As Shown" have no roots, as this is "Bargain-Of-The-Month" for January! Which means these are unsold Christmas Tree evergreens, soon to turn ever*browns!* Four-foot evergreen *with roots* is $15 extra.

BRIGHTEST NEWS IN TOWN!

BULBS

7¢* EACH

*ANY LEFT IN STOCK

"Any Left In Stock" refers to any bulbs with *left-hand thread* in stock! If you happen to find any, and you have sockets with left-hand thread, you're in! The rest of us will have to pay 31¢ for regular right-hand thread bulbs.

Sensational New EPOXY GLUE

10¢*

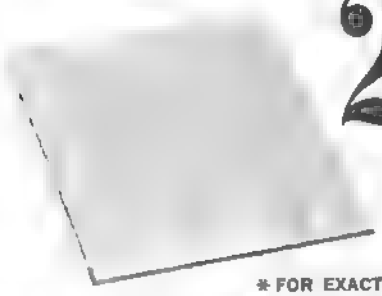
* ONLY 1 TUBE PER CUSTOMER

"Only One Tube Per Customer" means you only get #1 tube! But it so happens that epoxy glue is useless unless mixed with hardener—which comes in #2 tube, and costs 98¢.

BEAUTIFUL-PRACTICAL-LONG LASTING

ARMSTUNG FLOORING

at a NEW LOW PRICE!



2¢ *per tile**

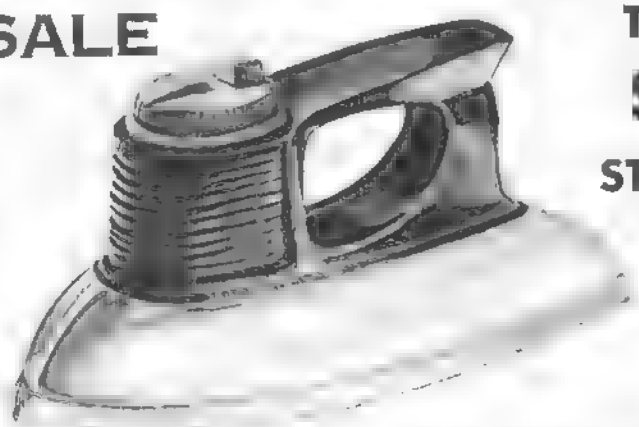
* FOR EXACT SIZE ILLUSTRATED

Using tiles the size of the one illustrated, the average room would require 5000 tiles, and cost $100. Regular 9x9's would do same job in one quarter the time for $37.

SPECIAL SALE

only

$2.98*



THE FABULOUS

SUNBEAM

STEAM-AND-DRY IRON

* PLUS HANDLING CHARGE

The "Handling Charge" in this case means the charge for putting on the handle. Without a handle, a 450° iron is very hard to—er—handle. The extra $12 charge is worth it considering the advantage of not burning your hands.

Extension Cords

50 FEET FOR 50¢*

* COPPER WIRE MODEL

"Copper Wire Model" means exactly that, and actually does cost 50¢. However, most folks prefer "*Insulated* Copper Wire Model", offering less shock hazard, costing $1.98.

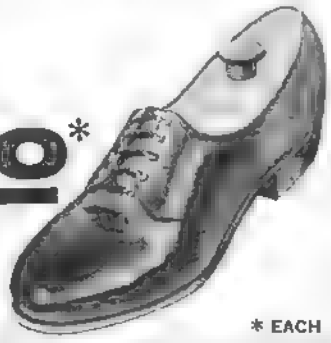
SHOE KING IRVING

slashes prices *IN HALF!*

MEN'S SHOES

FORMERLY $10 A PAIR

$5.00*



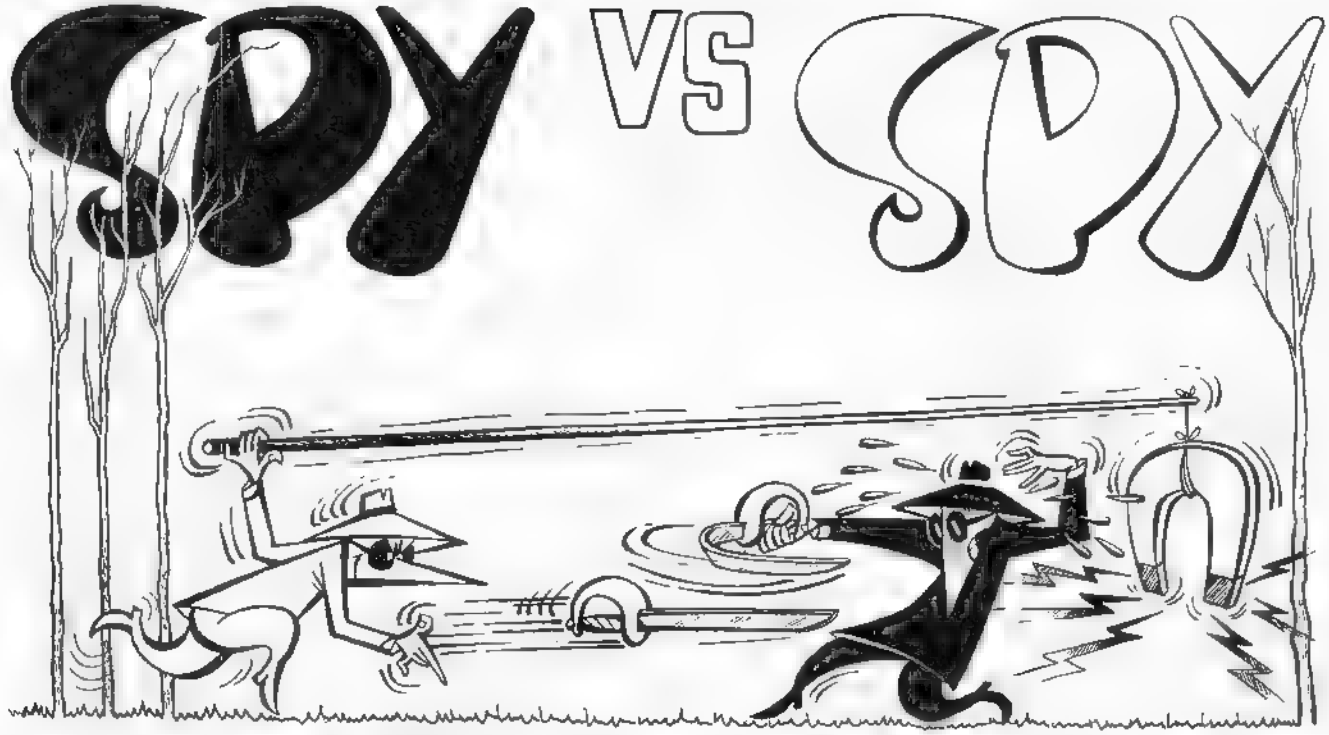
ALL SIZES

* EACH

That's right! At $5.00 *each*, a pair of these shoes will cost the same as they cost before—$10. See how you're catching on? Now, you'll always remember to watch the *!

JOKE AND DAGGER DÊPT. PART I

SPY VS SPY



THE PAUSE THAT DEPRESSES DEPT.

READY, GANG? OKAY . . .
HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH

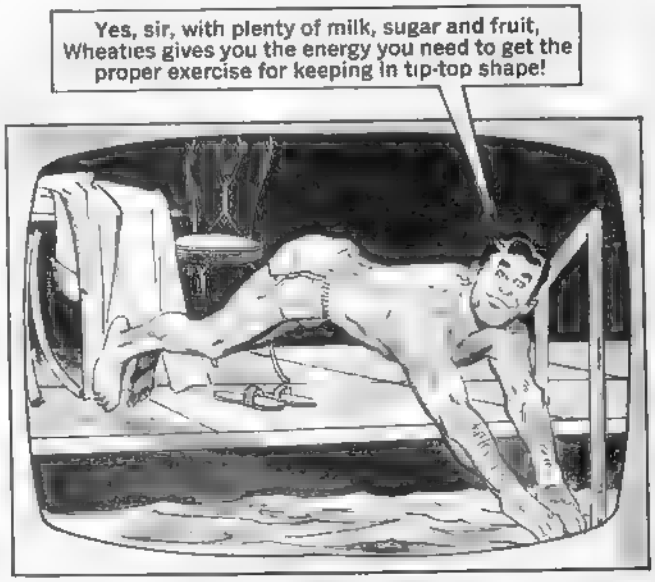
TV ads we'd like to see

The GLEEM Commercial

The ANACIN Commercial

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

The WHEATIES Commercial

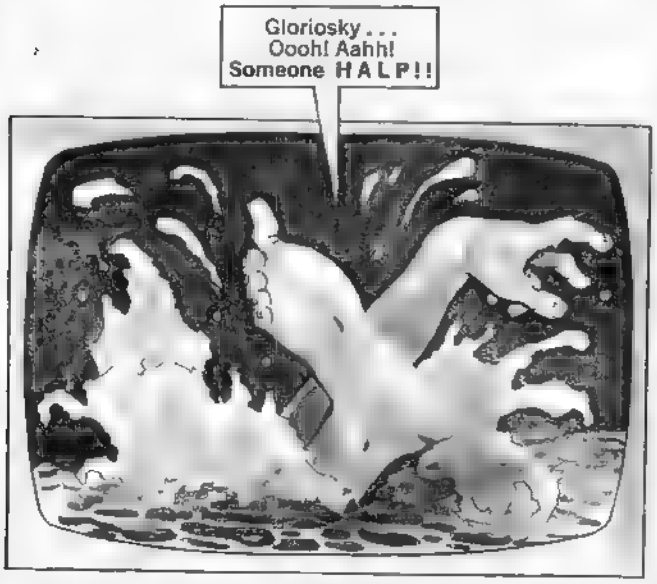


THAT'S TONIGHT'S DESSERT!
I was hungry!
You were hungry . . .

Pardon me, Ma'am . . . aren't you going to tell him to brush his teeth?
Brush his teeth?! Mister, when I get through with this kid, he'll be lucky if he's got any teeth left!!

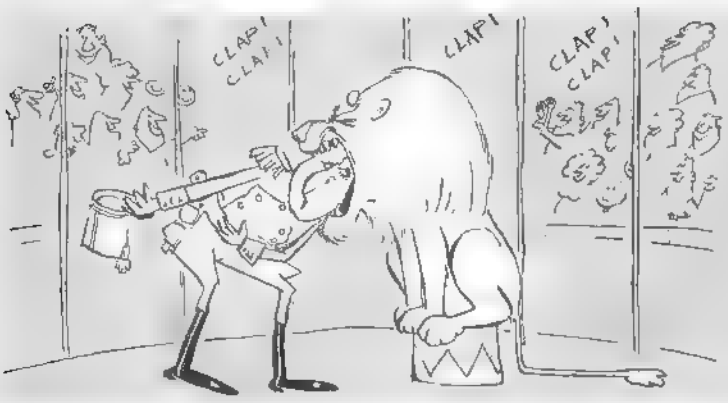
CRASH SCREECH

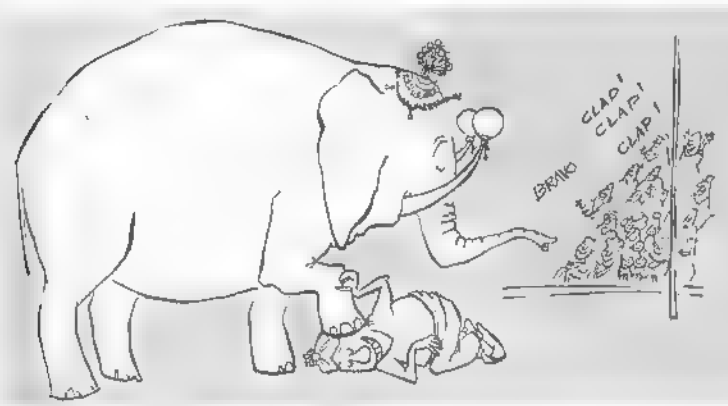
BETTY . . . CAN'T YOU KEEP YOUR MOTHER OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY?!

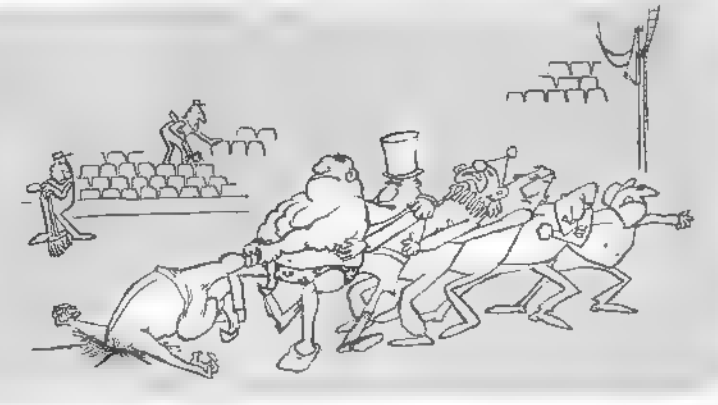

Gloriosky . . . Oooh! Aahh! Someone HALP!!

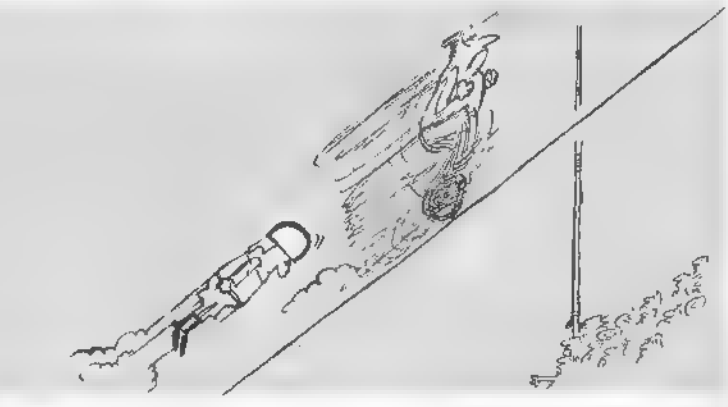
Golly gee, kids, remember! Never go swimming right after eating Wheaties . . . or anything else!!
HOSPITAL
AMBULA

A MAD LOOK



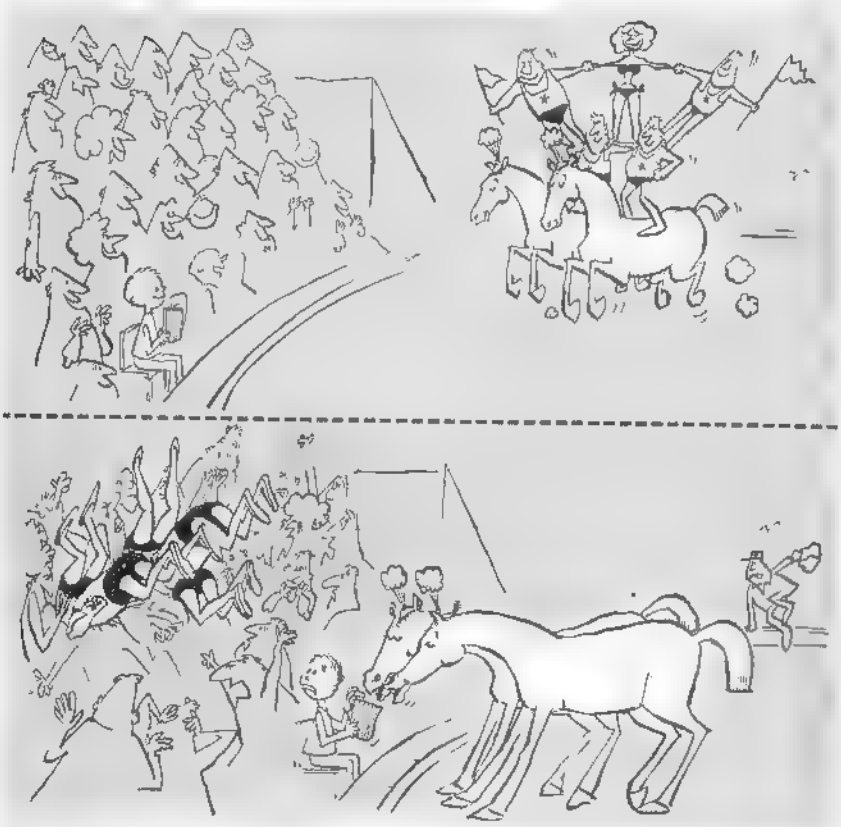


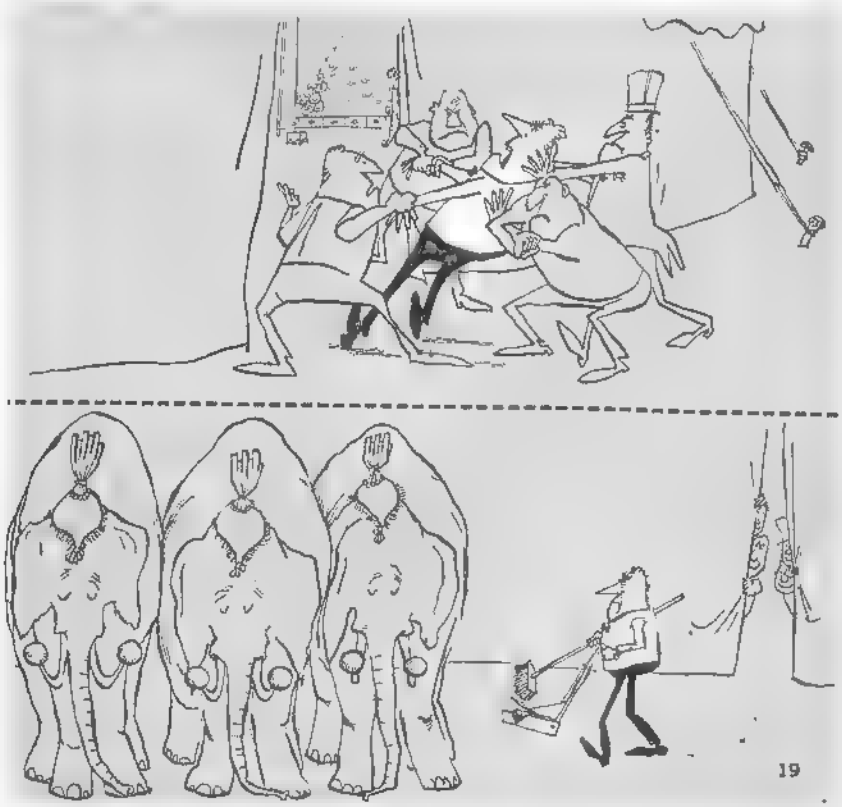


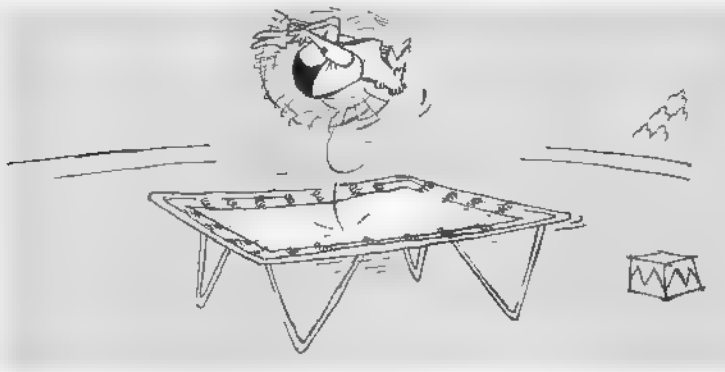


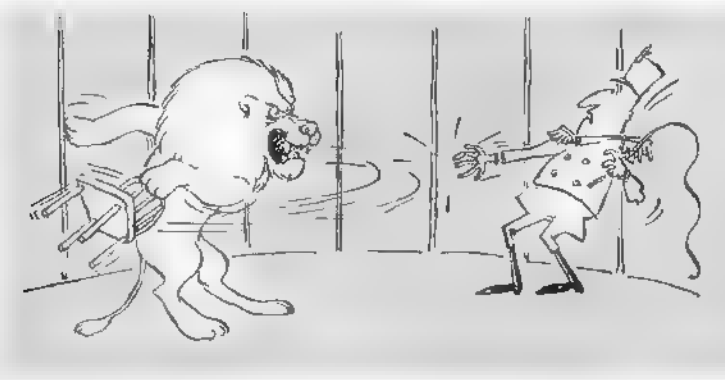
AT THE CIRCUS

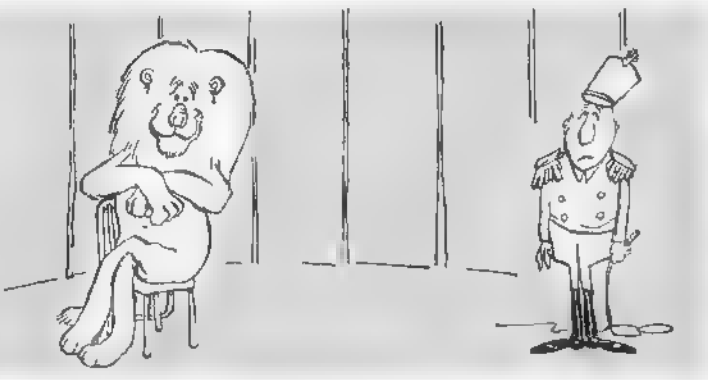
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

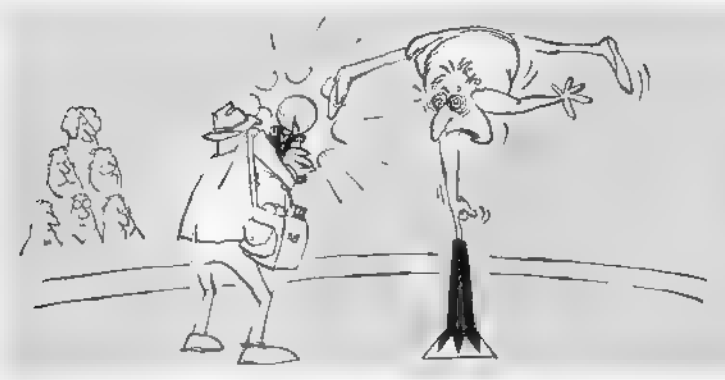


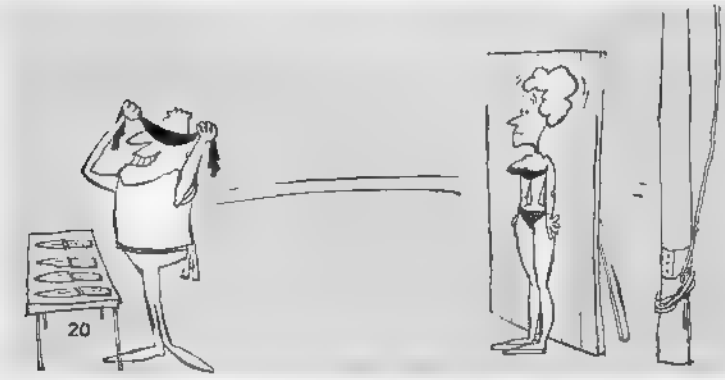


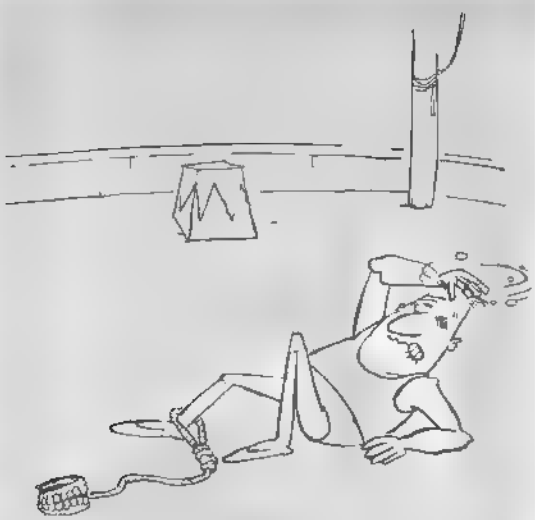


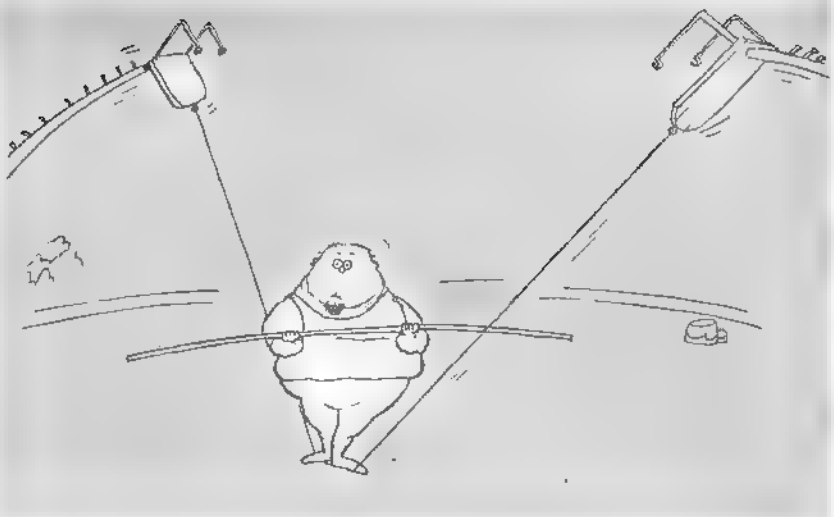


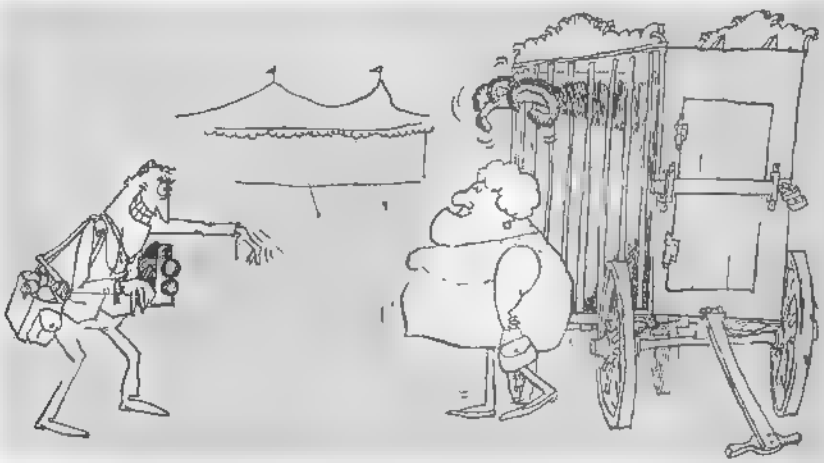


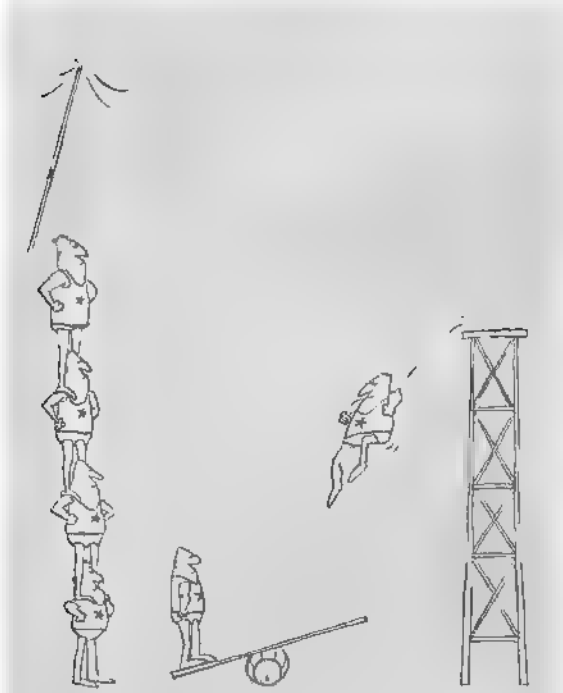


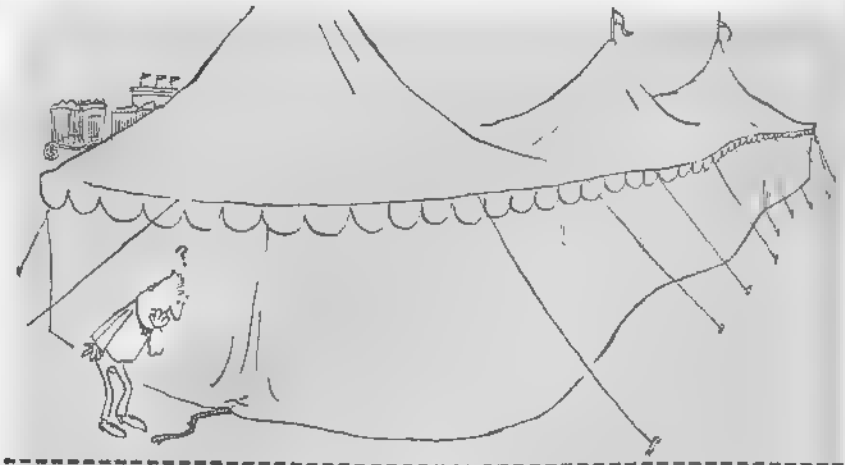


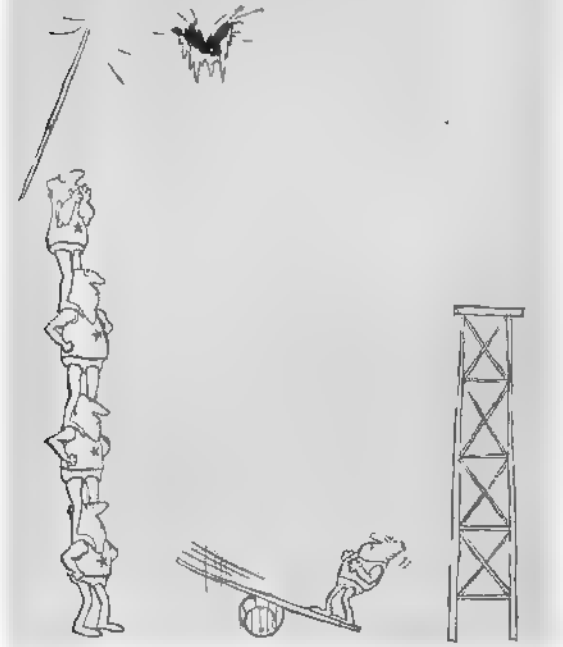


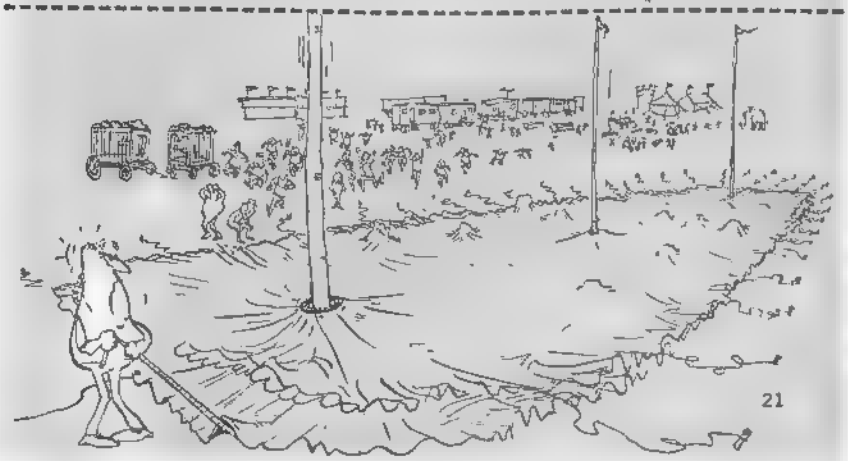


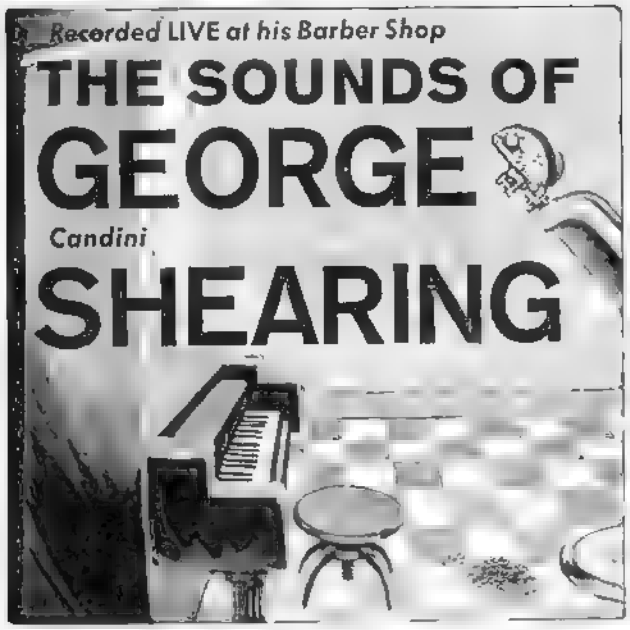


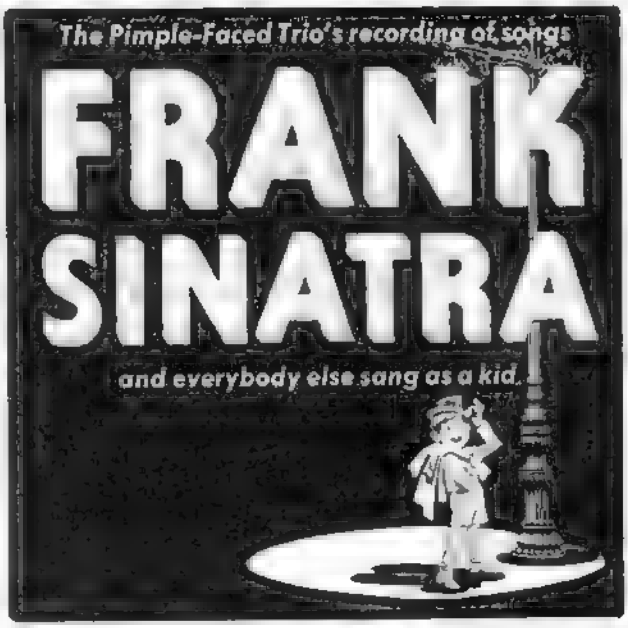


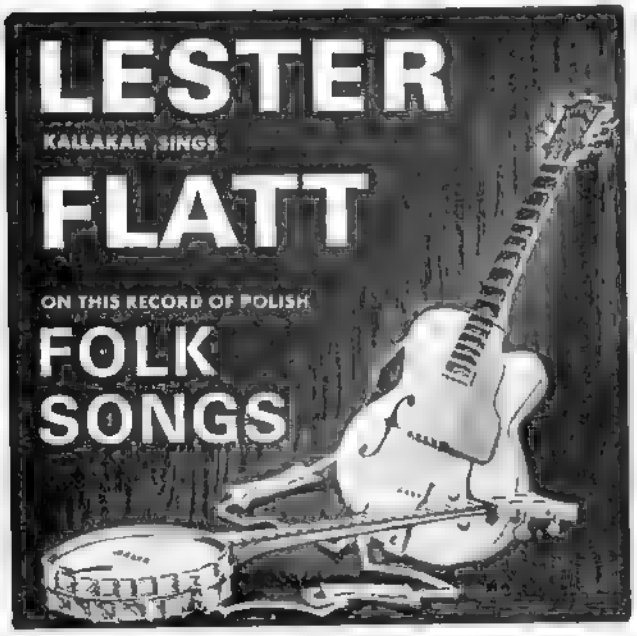








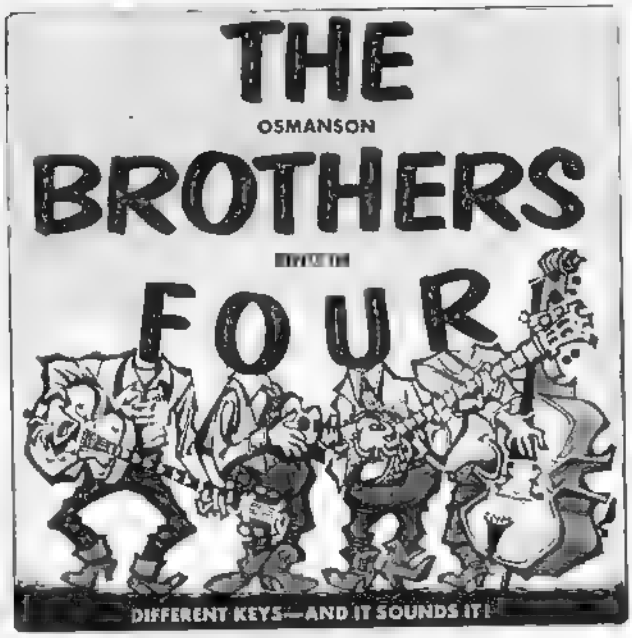


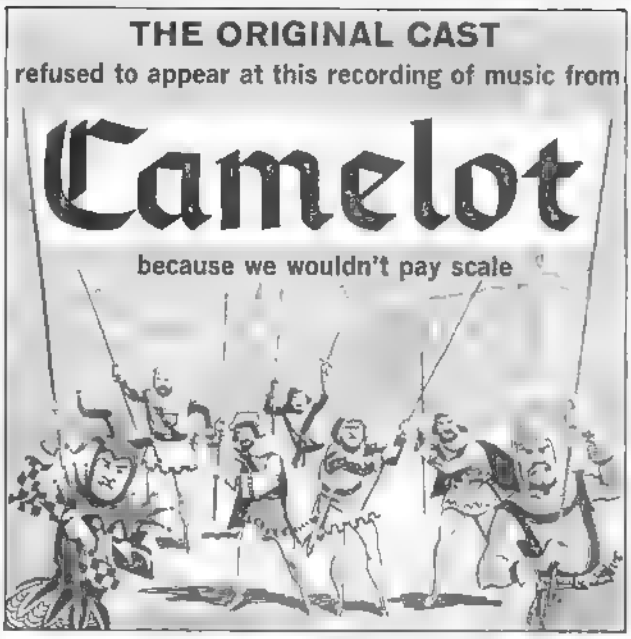


STARS IN YOUR BUYS DEPT.

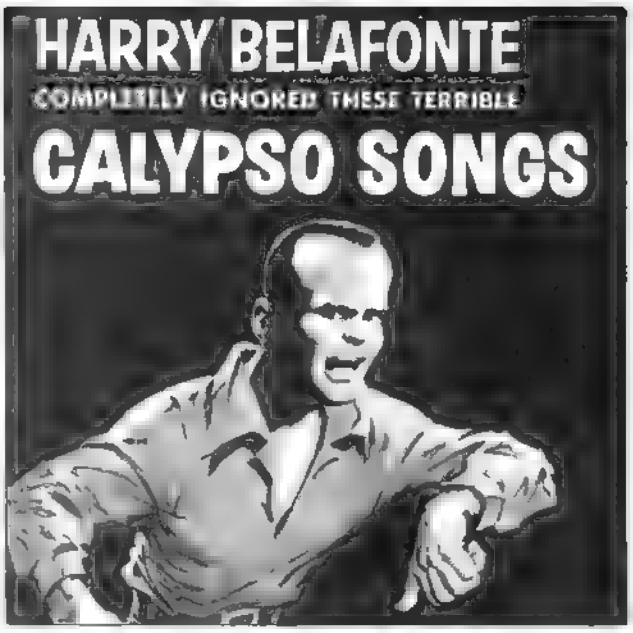
Watch yourself at all times! Especially if you're an LP record collector! Because the competition in the record album business is pretty keen and some sneaky tricks are being pulled by a few

FAKE RECORD



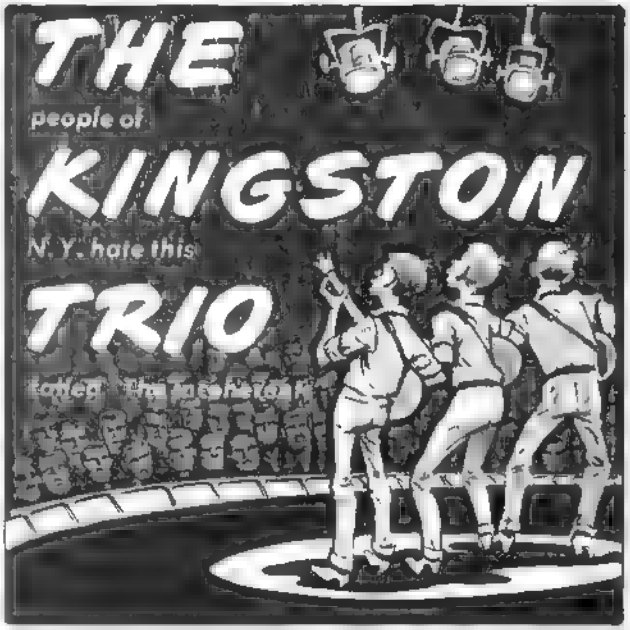


ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITERS: JIM & DARLENE RUTHERFORD



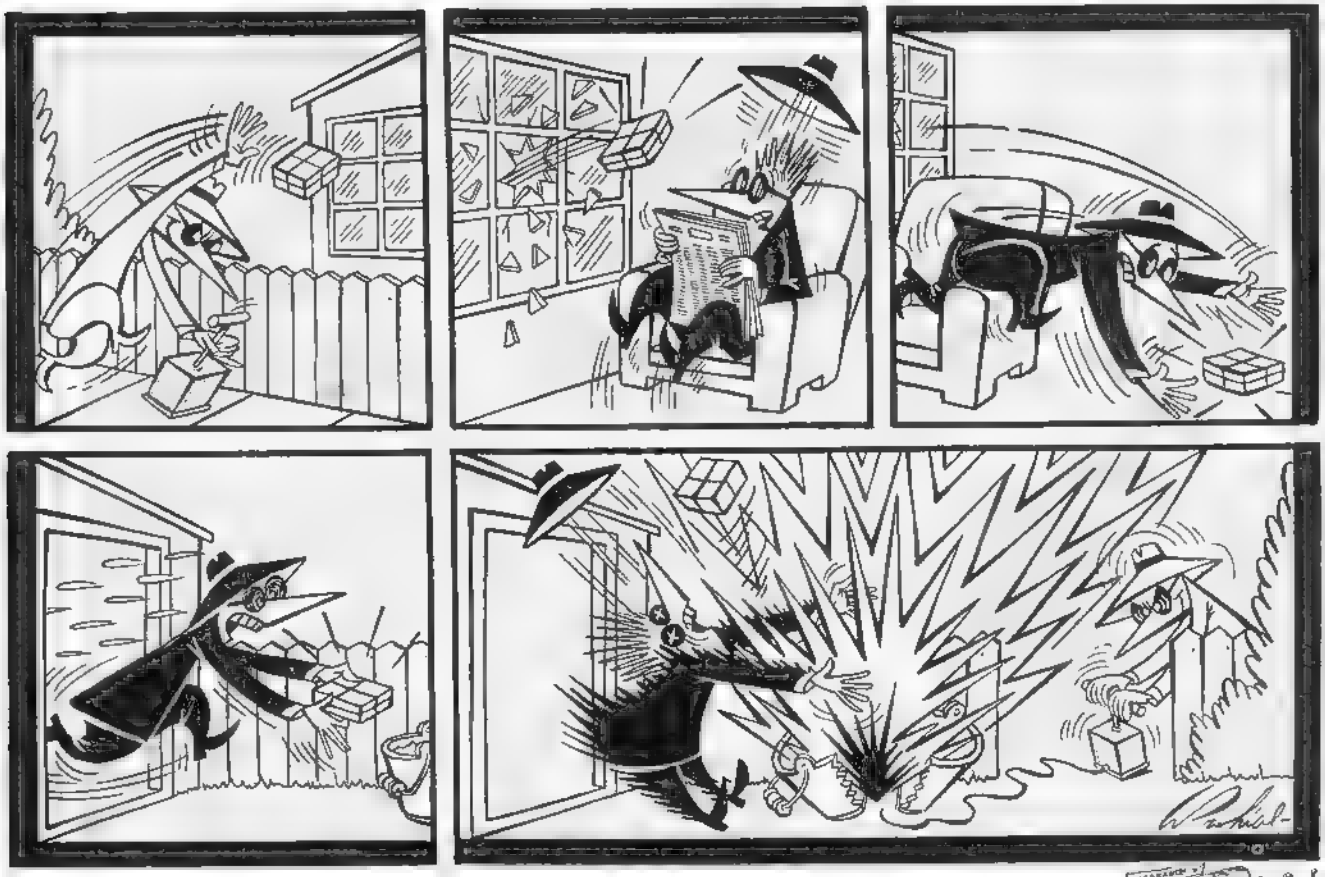
small but crafty recording companies. Mainly, the titles of their albums don't always tell exactly who—or what— is on the record inside the jacket! You'll see what we mean as you study these...

-OUT JACKETS



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

SPY VS SPY



BREAD-SHRINKER DEPT.

It's bad enough to have to cough up our hard-earned dough each April to pay our Income Taxes without having to go through the additional drudgery of filling out a long involved Income Tax Return which is at best, dull, uninteresting and completely devoid of all human feeling. We at **MAD** feel that familiar **Form 1040** evolved into the cold, drab, lifeless thing that it is because it was devised by fiscal experts, a group noted for its total lack of warmth and understanding. We feel that a **new Form 1040,** drawn up by a group more conscious of the emotions and feelings of people—mainly Psychiatrists - could make the annual filling out of a Return both entertaining and educational. Here then is what they'd look like . . . . . .

IF TAX FORMS WERE MADE UP BY PSYCHIATRISTS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

WARM FORM 1040

Prepared by that understanding bunch of swell guys at the U.S. Treasury Department, Internal Revenue Service

U. S. INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN—1963

Last Name ..... First Name .....

Nickname .....

Address

THIS SPACE FOR A NICE FLATTERING PHOTO OF TAXPAYER

INCOME

1. What was your total adjusted gross income for 1963 . . . . . .
2. Do you think you should have been paid more or less than the amount listed on Line 1 above? . . . . . .
3. If your answer on Line 2 above is "More", tell why: (Check One of items below)
   - A. I'm a lot smarter than anyone thinks I am, and I could really go places if I had just got that one big break that the knotheads who outrank me got . . . . . ☐
   - B. I'm persecuted and everybody at the office is out to get me. I'm worth twice what I'm paid, but they've got it rigged so I'll never get ahead . . . . . ☐
   - C. I refuse to lick the bosses' boots the way some people I could mention do. As a result, my diligence, talent, superior intelligence and potential go unrecognized . . . . . ☐
4. If your answer on Line 2 above is "Less", tell why: (Check One of items below)
   - A. I'm rotten and no good clear through. I really don't deserve to be paid anything at all, no less what I get . . . . . ☐
   - B. I don't have the brains to hold down a decent job, and I make as much as I do only because of a clerical error which has enabled me to receive someone else's paycheck each week. I've never pointed this out to the Accounting Dept., so I guess that makes me a crook, too . . . . . ☐
   - C. I goofed off all year and hang onto my job only because I have a wonderful secretary who is willing to do all my work for me, and not snitch on me . . . . . ☐
   - D. I was hired and put on the payroll in 1939, but I was never assigned to any job. So I spend all of my time at the Golf Course, except for about 20 minutes every payday when I drop by Dad's office for my check . . . . . ☐

DEPENDENTS

5. How many dependents do you claim . . . . . .
6. What is your attitude towards these dependents? (Check One of items below)
   - A. I guess my wife is okay, but only my secretary, with whom I work late at the office whenever I get the chance, really understands me . . . . . ☐
   - B. My kids drive me out of my mind, but they're basically harmless. My wife, on the other hand, is trying to kill me and make it look like an accident . . . . . ☐
   - C. I don't have any dependents at all because nobody, not even Mumsy and Daddy, has ever loved me . . . . . ☐
   - D. I've got nothing against my dependents, really. I've just got lots more of them than I'd figured on . . . . . ☐

TAX DUE

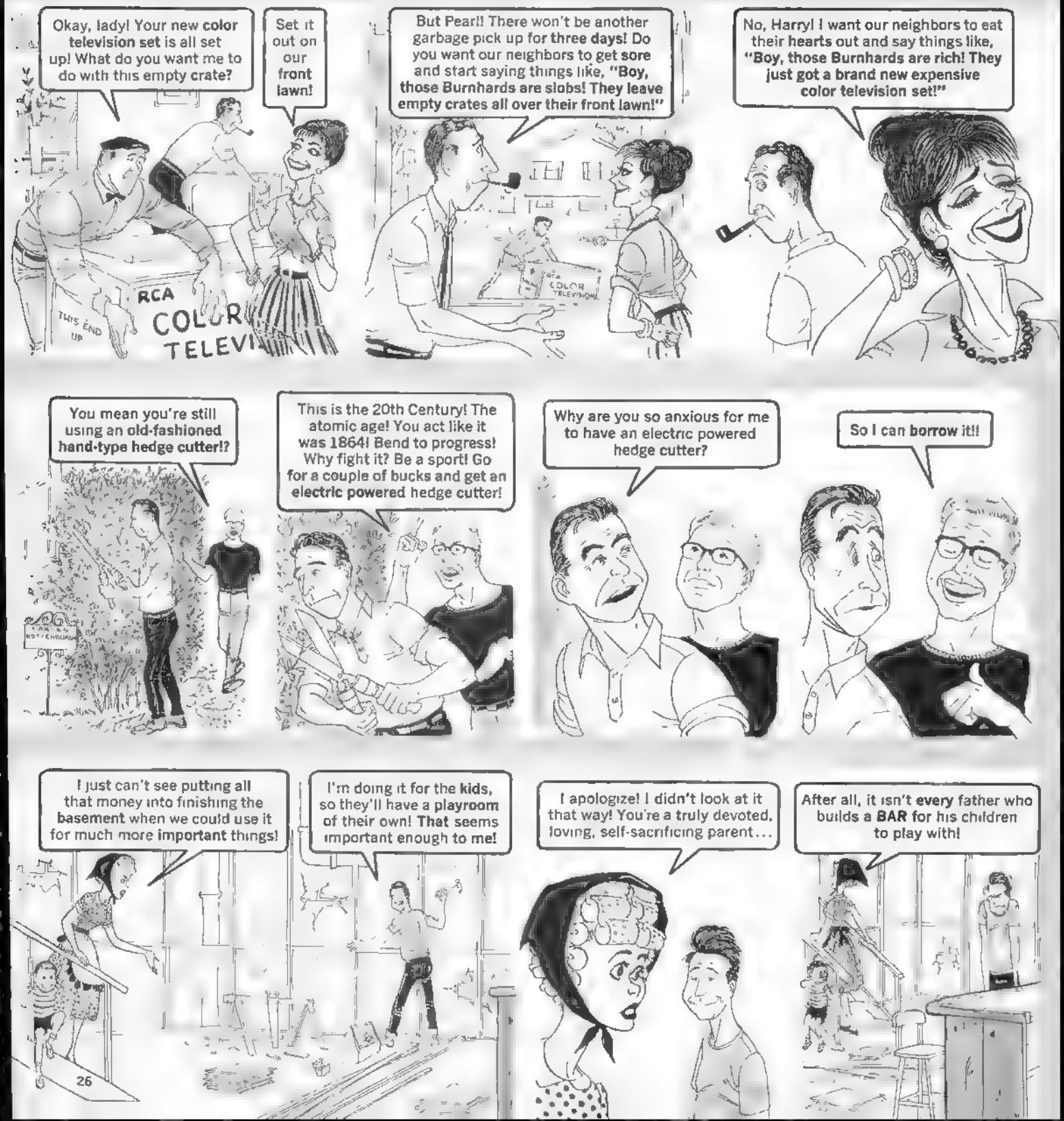
7. Using Table 1, how much tax do you owe for 1962? . . . . . .
8. What are your feelings about paying this tax? (Check One of items below)
   - A. I'm not going to pay it and I dare you to try and make me . . . . . ☐
   - B. I wish I owed more. Then maybe I could get rid of these terrible guilt feelings that are eating me up . . . . . ☐
   - C. You're just like everybody else — out to rob and cheat me out of what is rightfully mine . . . . ☐
   - D. Who cares? Paying you only means I won't pay other bills, and the Finance Company will take away my refrigerator — only I never use it anyway because you don't have to keep booze on ice . . . . . ☐

● Make a positive assertion by attaching check here ●

■ Have associate, Ellen Hill, your exemptions and sign on the other side ●

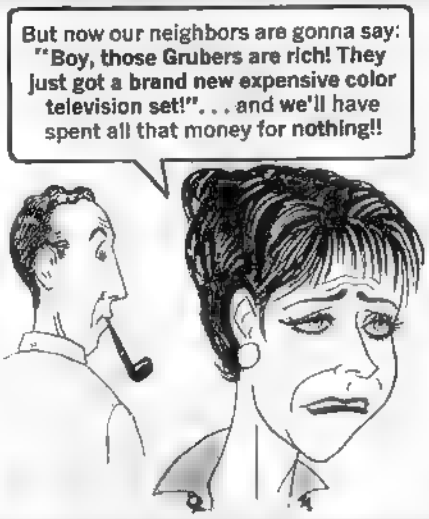
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

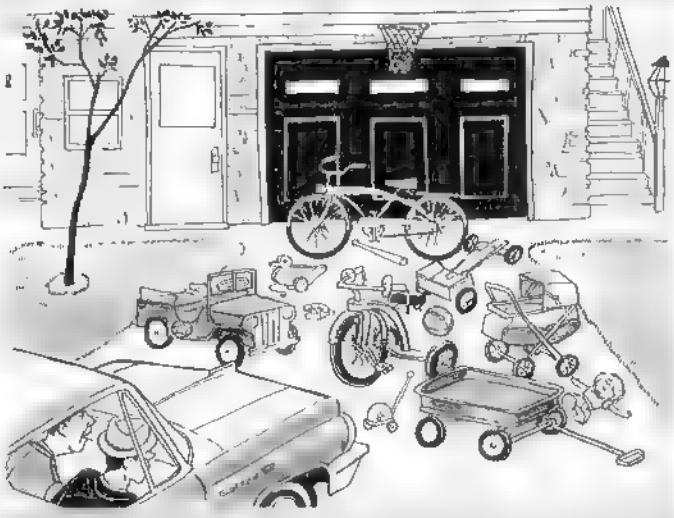
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF HOME

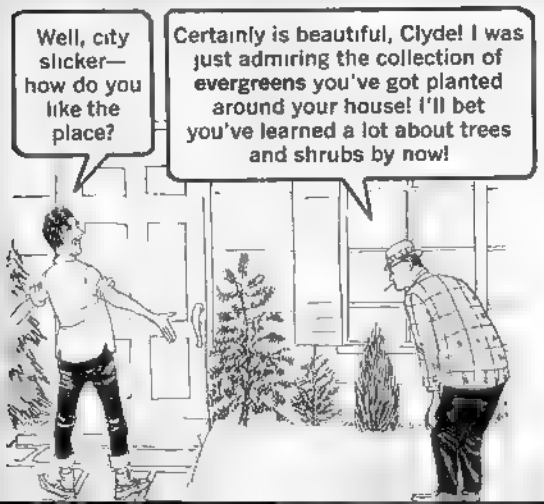


OWNERS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG







I'll be a son of a gun! The lawn sprinkler just went on . . . by itself!
Yeah, I know! I had an automatic sprinkler system installed. It goes on by itself every day at 4 P.M. Now I don't have to worry about my lawn drying out!
Gee, that's great! Now all you have to worry about is your lawn WASHING out . . . because it's raining outside!
I swear, the whole house is falling apart! The faucet is leaking, the water heater is on the bum, and the light switch in the bedroom is busted! I wish to heck the repairman would come already! When we lived in an apartment house, all we did was call the "Super" when something broke!
The doorbell is ringing Mommy . . .
BZZZ
Who is it, Mommy?
It's the REPAIRMAN at last!!
DADDY!!
What?! You're building a three-car garage? Say isn't that carrying the phony status bit a little too far? What in heck do you expect to keep in it?
What anybody would keep in a three-car garage!
Ah, come off it! I happen to know that all you've got is one car!
That's right! The other two car spaces are for all this junk . . .
I must apologize for the bareness of our living room, but we're furnishing a little at a time and the necessities come first —like that grand piano!
Music must be in the very heartbeat of this family to make a grand piano a necessity!
Not really! Actually none of us can even play the darn thing! There was a more important reason for getting it than that!
We needed something impressive to put in front of our picture window! Something that would give us status in the new neighborhood! That's a necessity!

You want to see something ridiculous? Take a look at the layout my nextdoor neighbor's got over there . . .

What's so ridiculous? He's got a swimming pool, a flagstone patio, a brick barbecue, a beautiful garden and magnificent lawn furniture! He's got outdoor summer living made!

I'll say he does! That's what's so ridiculous! He takes the family away to the mountains every year . . . for the whole summer!

I think it's adorable the way you have a ceramic mother duck and her five little ceramic ducklings on your front lawn!

FIVE little ceramic ducklings!?

GET OFF MY LAWN, YOU PHONY!!

QUACK QUACK

Will you take a look at that darn neighbor of mine, always working on his lawn! He keeps rubbing it in how his lawn is so much nicer than mine! I hate him for it! I just can't stand the sight of him!

If you dislike him that much, why don't you put up a ten-foot high spite fence?

I thought of that

But then I figured I could spite him even worse if I DIDN'T put up a spite fence...

. . because all my crab grass seeds blow onto his lawn!

There's one thing you have to say about this country! It sure is a land with a great many MODERN CONVENIENCES!

Yeah! It's also a land with a great many MODERN INCONVENIENCES!

Like PAYING for all them modern conveniences!!

PAST DUE

REFRIGERATOR

PAYMENT DUE

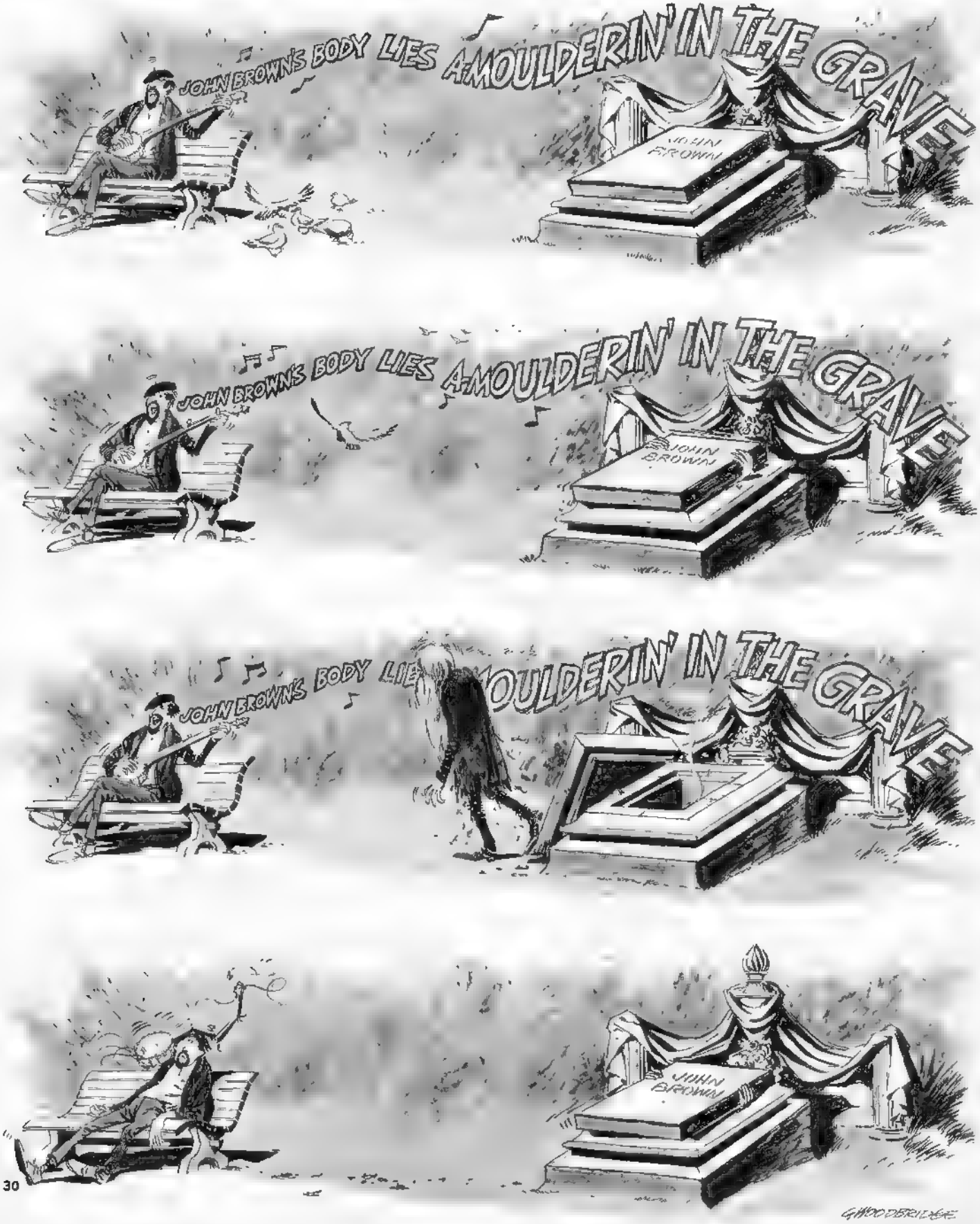
WASHING MACHINE

DRYER

DISH WASHER

ENDING ON A SOUR NOTE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



Manufacturers originally introduced filters on cigarettes for ladies who were squeamish about known side effects like nicotine stains on the teeth. Today, manufacturers are ballyhooing filters on cigarettes for people who are squeamish about known side effects like cancer of the lungs. And there's a lot of competition among these manufacturers as to whose filter does the better job. In fact, right now, we're witnessing

THE GREAT CIGARETTE FILTER TIP WAR

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

BATTLE CRIES OF MODERN FILTER CIGARETTES

BRAND "A"

Maker claims that his filter helps eliminate the common irritation: "Nicotine-stain mouth."

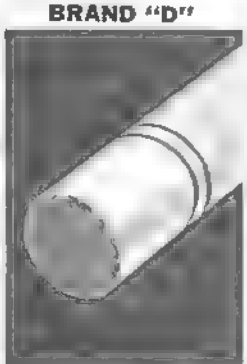
BRAND "B"

Maker claims that his filter helps eliminate the annoying condition. "Tar-and-resin throat."

BRAND "C"

Maker claims that his filter helps eliminate the sickening illness: "Inflamed esophagus."

BRAND "D"



Maker claims that his filter helps stop the disgusting affliction: "Laceration of lungs."

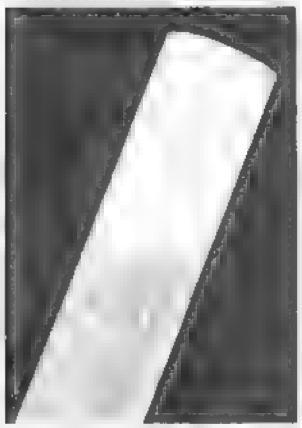
BRAND "X"

Maker claims that his going out of business helps stop them other awful smoking hazards

Filter tip cigarette ads reveal one clear fact: there's a lot of terrible stuff in them cigarettes to filter out! But that's no more reason to give up smoking than for a pearl diver to give up diving — just because a few sharks are lurking around. The diver can depend on his trusty knife . . . and the smoker can depend on his trusty filter.

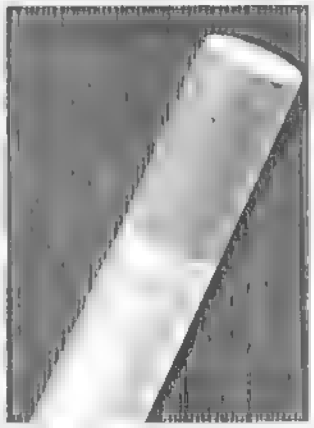
SOME HEALTH-SAVING FILTERS NOW IN USE

KENT'S MICRONITE FILTER



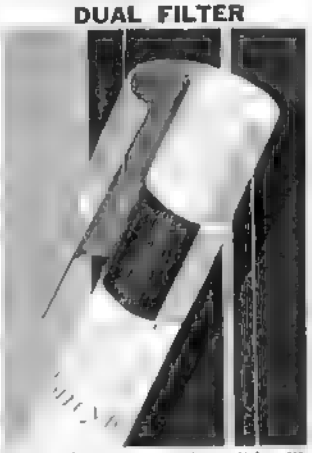
This filter claims to contain "balancing" mechanism which ingeniously measures correct amount of flavor and irritants it lets thru.

MARLBORO'S SELECTRATE FILTER



This filter claims to be a "selective" one — allowing the friendly smiling flavor to pass thru, and rejecting the anti-social irritants.

TAREYTON'S DUAL FILTER



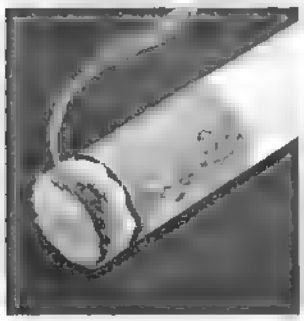
This filter contains "dual" elements — a pure white unit working beside an activated charcoal one to deliver new integrated smoking pleasure.

LARK'S 3-PIECE KEITH FILTER

This filter, which contains 3 units — 1 charcoal granule unit between 2 regular pure white units — paves way for future filtration idiocies.

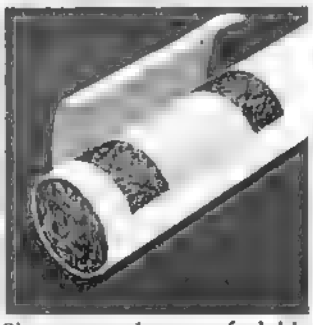
SOME HEALTH-SAVING FILTERS COMING SOON

MOCK FILTER



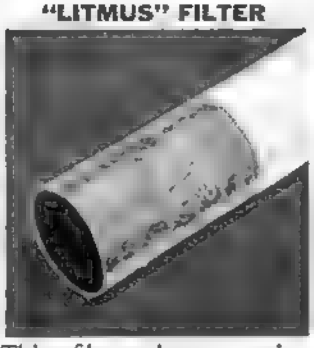
Inhaling lit filter is much worse than inhaling lit cigarette. This filter is "all tobacco" . . . for people who always light the wrong end.

SECRET FILTER



Since some he-men feel it's sissy to smoke a cigarette with a filter, this one is secretly hidden inside one end of a straight cigarette.

"LITMUS" FILTER

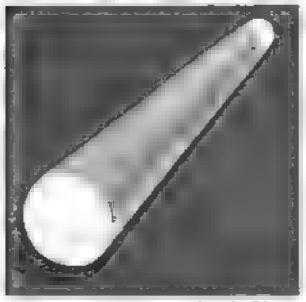


This filter changes color chemically, corresponding to changes in condition of throat and lungs, thus discourages excessive smoking.

SWELL FILTER

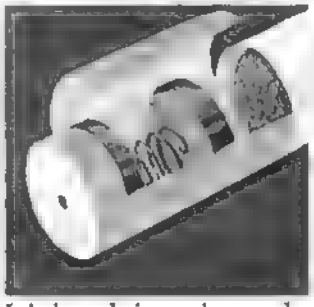
This ingenious filter uses highly absorbent blotting paper which swells up from smoker's saliva, clogs up cigarette end, stops smoke.

KING SIZE FILTER



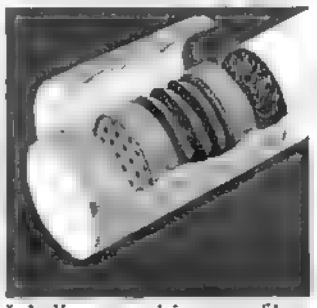
This new "King Size" filter is 90% effective because 90% of the cigarette is filter. This cuts out 90% of the hazards of smoking.

EXPEL-O-FILTER



Inhaling brings the smoke into this new filter where its spring-powered plunger pushes it right back out — and no smoke is good smoke!

NOISE-MAKER FILTER



Inhaling on this new filter causes pitiful wheezing and gasping effect like victim of asthma produces—a sound way to cut down on smoking.

FILTER FILTER

This new filter filters out the harsh irritants usually found in filters. Snaps on easily — paves way for most idiotic filtration idea yet.

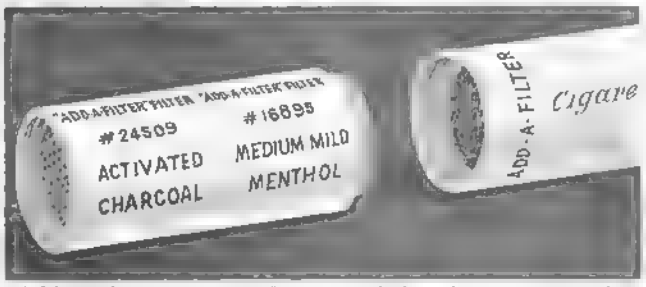
ADD-A-FILTER CIGARETTES

AN IDEA FOR ENDING THE GREAT FILTER-TIP WAR

The "Add-a-Filter Cigarette" makes all other filter-tip cigarettes obsolete. Not only does it protect the flavor, your health, and the American way of life . . . but it adds even more! Mainly another page to this ridiculous article. Seriously, an "Add-a-Filter Cigarette" not only protects, it medicates. Each filter contains an atomized extract of a drug which is then gently wafted through the smoker's innards to form a protective film over his vital organs.

WHAT IS "ADD-A-FILTER"?

"Add-a-Filter" filter tips are threaded — male at one end, female at the other — so that one or more can be combined.



"Add-a-Filter Cigarette" has threaded end to accommodate one — two — or any amount of custom-selected filter tips.

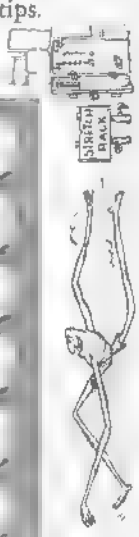
HOW "ADD-A-FILTER" WORKS

Smoke travels through combination of filters, picks up medications, spreads blessed relief, heals deteriorating tissues, membranes, and other (*yecch*) things like that.

"ADD-A-FILTERS" AVAILABLE

Penicillin	Cortisone	Neo Synephrine
Dramamine	Listerine	Absorbine
Bakedbean	Fluoristan	Krebiozen
Aureomycin	Tetramycin	Lanvinsmycin
Metrecal	Nair	Silcare
G.L.-70	Midol	Miltown
Tums	Vicks	Menthol

Above is partial list of "Add-a-Filters" available which treat every internal organ of body affected by smoking. Remember, smoke travels medicine further — *and* it is mild



"ADD-A-FILTER CIGARETTE" IN USE . . .

Smoker of "Add-a-Filter" is completely relaxed, secure in the knowledge that not only are disease-causing irritants being filtered OUT, but his minimum daily requirement of every medication known to science is being filtered IN!

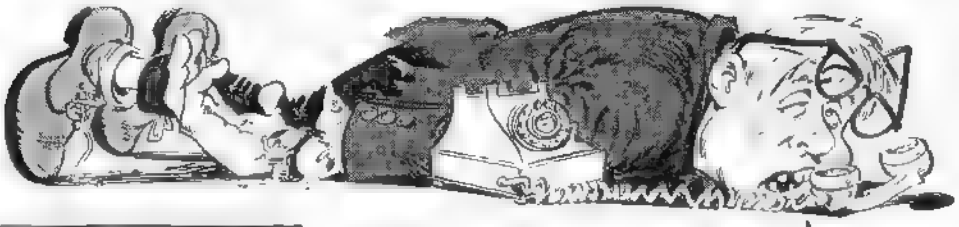
IF A MACHINE ANSWERS, HANG UP! DEPT.

A currently popular gimmick among business executives is the pre-recorded phone message. When someone calls them, a recording machine answers—and instead of talking to the executive, the caller talks to a record. This is an improvement over the past, when talking to an executive

PRE-RECORDED

...TO HANDLE THOSE PEOPLE

FOR A DOCTOR WITH PERSISTENT PATIENTS



Hello! Ernest A. Entwhistle, M.D., F.A.C.P., speaking . .

Hello, Doc, this is Harry Aukwell! I just got hit on the head by a **falling piano** which knocked me into the gutter where I was run over by a **truck**, and when they carried me into my building they accidentally dropped me down the **elevator shaft!**

Uh-huh! Uh-huh . . Mmmmmmm . . . Hu-huh . . . Hmmmmm . . .

I got a fractured skull, 2 broken legs, 18 smashed ribs and a sprained clavicle!

I see! And how long have you been feeling this way?

Since the **accident**—about **3 minutes ago!** Look, Doc—my head is **splitting**, my ribs are **killing me**, I'm **all bloody**, and a **bone** from my leg is sticking me in my **ear!**

I see! Uh-huh! Yes . . . well, do you have any **temperature?**

Temperature?! I can't even open my **mouth** to put a **thermometer** in! Can't you hear the way I'm talking through **clenched teeth?** You gotta **help** me! Tell me what to **do!**

Drink plenty of liquids and stay off your feet as much as possible!

Stay off my **feet?!** That's **brilliant advice** for a man with two broken legs!

Go on a light diet and take a couple of aspirins every four hours . . .

Aspirin? Light diet? For a fractured **skull**, 2 broken **legs**, 18 smashed **ribs**—

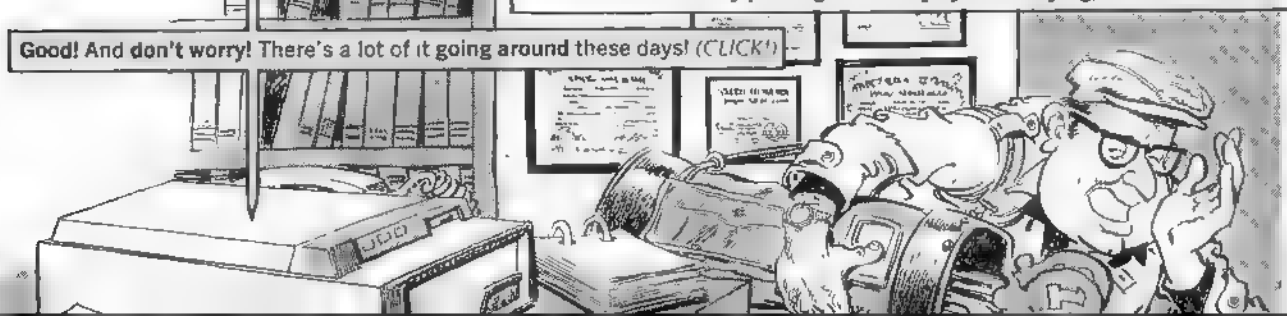
. . . and drop in to my office if it doesn't go away in a few days!

How can I **possibly** drop in at your **office** when I've got 2 broken—

Just call my nurse for an appointment any time between 9 and 3!

Doc! Everything's getting **hazy!** I feel myself floating through **space!** My whole **life** is suddenly passing before my **eyes!** I'm **dying, Doc! I'M DYING!!**

Good! And **don't worry!** There's a lot of it going **around** these days! *(CLICK!)*



was like talking to a wall. Anyway, we got to thinking that it might be interesting if not only busy executives, but everybody used pre-recorded phone messages to save them the trouble of speaking personally to people they'd much rather avoid. And so, here we go with some...

PHONE MESSAGES

YOU'D RATHER AVOID SPEAKING TO

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITERS: LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS

FOR A BABY-SITTER WHO HAS TO COPE WITH DOTING PARENTS

Hello! This is Linda speaking...

Thank heavens the line was free! Now listen carefully! This is very important!

Jimmy and Judy are both in bed, sound asleep, dreaming wonderful dreams!

Huh? Oh, that's fine, Linda, but this doesn't concern the children...

It's so heart-warming to see the smiles on their sweet little faces as they drift through slumberland in the security of their safe little home!

That's fine! Now forget the children for a minute and listen carefully...

They both said their prayers before bed, and they miss you very much!

NEVER MIND THE CHILDREN! There's something you MUST DO IMMEDIATELY!!

I've followed all of your instructions perfectly, so you needn't worry!

That's all well and good, but there's something I FORGOT to tell you! Now—when you get off the phone, go down to the basement and turn the large knob on the hot water heater all the way to the left! Understand? To the left...

Rest assured that I always treat other people's homes as if they were my own!

I'm sure you do, Linda! Now don't forget! Turn the large knob all the way to the left! It's very important that you do this as soon as you hang up...

You can be sure that little Jimmy and Judy are in capable hands!

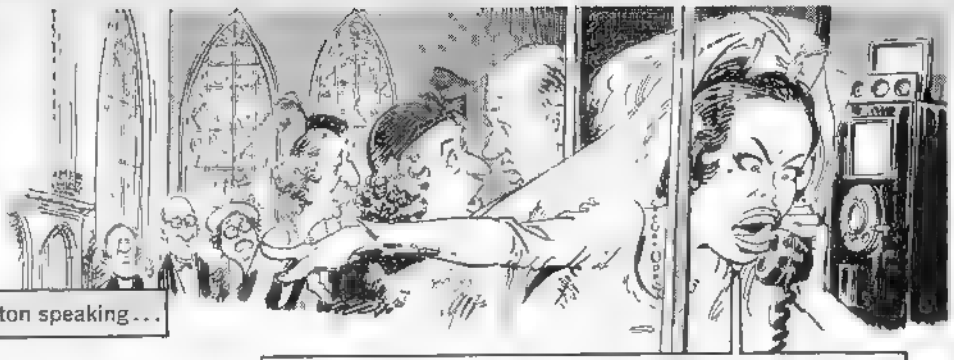
LINDA! Haven't you heard a word I've said? You MUST take care of the heater or else it will overheat and burst and we'll have a terrible flood and everything in the basement will be ruined and we're NOT INSURED!

Yes, of course! You needn't have asked! I always do everything you tell me!

GOOD! Now, I can rest easy—knowing you're taking care of the heater!

So have a good time, and don't worry about a thing! 'Bye, now! *(CLICK)*

FOR A PLAYBOY WHO GETS MORE INVOLVED WITH GIRLS THAN HE WANTS TO GET



Hello! Steve Weston speaking . . .

Steve? This is Lucille! Where on earth are you? I'm waiting at the church! My parents are here . . . The Best Man is here . . .

Hi, Baby! It's wonderful hearing your warm, sweet voice again!

Voice-shmoice! Save that romantic garbage for the honeymoon! We've got a wedding to get out of the way first . . .

I'll never forget you, honey, no matter what may happen to us—The way the wind blows through your hair—That funny little freckle on the tip of your nose—

Steve, the Preacher is here . . . The Maid of Honor is here . . . WHAT freckle?

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces—An airline ticket to romantic places —somehow it's those foolish things that will always remind me of you!

The bridesmaids are here . . . My cousins from Hohokus are here . . . Steve WHAT cigarette with lipstick traces? I don't even smoke! What are you talking about?

To me, you will always be the sun, the moon, the stars! To me, you're the final strains of a Bert Parks song! To me, you're an Ed Sullivan Anniversary Show . . .

To me, you're a nut! N-U-T! NUT! You've flipped! Now get down here right away!

Your voice is like a bell! You're warm and good! I only wish I deserved you!

Steve, if you're about to say what I think you're going to say, I'll kill you!

There, there! No tears! No regrets! It's all right, darling! I understand! I'm not good enough for you! We've both known that for a long, long time!

You're darn right you're not! But if you think I'm going back and face those girls at the office tomorrow morning, you're out of your cotton-pickin' mind!

Oh, you silly sentimental fool! Look—try not to worry about hurting me! I'm used to it! It's not the first time I've been jilted! I'll swallow my pride!

You'll swallow POISON if I ever get my hands on you . . .

I won't stand in your way! Go ahead! Be happy! Marry the boy next door!

But you ARE the boy next door, you rat-fink no-good crumb bum . . .

I'll get over it, baby! Maybe ten years—Maybe twenty! It won't be easy . . .

DROP DEAD!

I knew you'd understand! *(CLICK!)*

FOR A SON WITH A NAGGING MOTHER

Hello! Sidney Schermerhorn speaking . . .

Sidney? This is your **Mother!** You probably don't **remember** me . . . it's been so long since you bothered to pick up a phone and call me . . .

Hi, Mom! You know, I was just sitting down to call **you** when the phone rang! Isn't that a **coincidence?** How's Pop? And how are you feeling? I miss you!

YOU . . . miss ME? Hah! That's a good one! I could be dead for all you care! Do you know who you are? **MY SON, THE MURDERER! That's** who you are! Oh . . . **my heart!** No, don't call a doctor! Let me suffer! It's my only pleasure!

You sound **great,** Mom! I'm glad you're feeling well! I'm feeling fine, too! I go to sleep at 10 o'clock, I drink plenty of milk, and I'm looking for a nice girl!

Nice girl, hah! There isn't a girl on **earth** you think is good enough for **you!** Listen, Mr. Richard Burton, what's wrong with my friend Stella's daughter, Muriel?

I change my socks every day, I look both ways before I cross the street, I drive carefully, I save my money, and I keep away from strange dogs . . .

Dogs-schmogs! So Muriel **isn't** so beautiful! So looks aren't **everything!**

Listen, Mom, if I'm in the neighborhood, I'll drop in! I won't be a stranger . . .

Marry Muriel and I **GUARANTEE** you won't be a stranger! I'll **move in** on you!

I can't get over how well you sound, Mom! Take care of yourself . . .

Sydney, **you** should only suffer the way **I** suffer! But if you ever **do,** don't come to me for sympathy because I don't **care** what happens to **you!** You hear me? . . .

That's swell, Mom! I'm glad to hear it! Well, I'll be seeing you soon . . .

When? WHEN? I'll bet you haven't eaten properly since you left home! I'll bet you're all skin and bone! Shall I send you some chicken soup with rye bread? Can you use some water? I'll make it just the way you used to like it . . .

Goodbye, Mom!

All right! I'll make you a dinner for your birthday next August 14th! What do you think you'll like to eat? There's no rush! You can call me tomorrow and tell me!

Okay! Goodbye, Mom!

Look, when you come over on August 14th, dress warm and wear your rubbers!

Okay, Mom! Goodbye!

But if it's raining, Sydney—or even if it's cloudy—wear your **galoshes!**

Okay! Goodbye!

And Sidney . . . If you have nothing to do between now and August 14th, I know something **nice** you can do for your Mother! **Become a DOCTOR!**

Okay, Mom! I promise! *(CLICK!)*

WORD GAME PRESERVE DEPT.

Writer Phil Hahn joins with artist Paul Coker, Jr. to bring us another set of examples of their new game in which they take ordinary dictionary words and dream up kookie "animals" these words suggest. It's fun! Try some yourself—like the following—

MAD

dogma

polyunsaturate

pigmented

occidental

truant

sou'wester

vowel

BEASTLIES

selfish

golf links

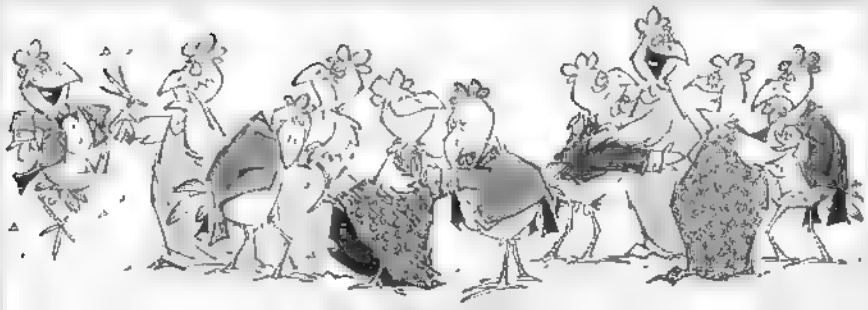
humbug

rumpus

fleecing

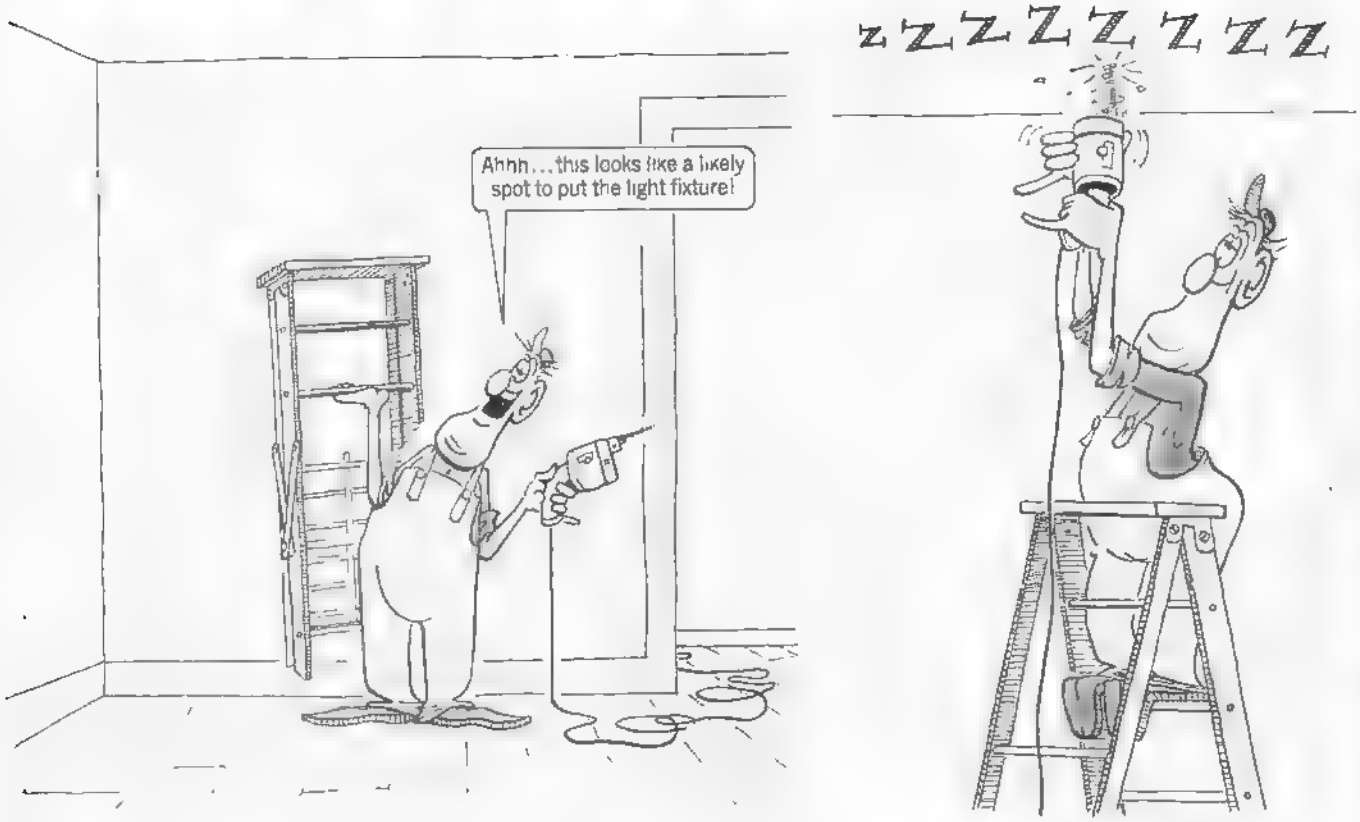
lovable

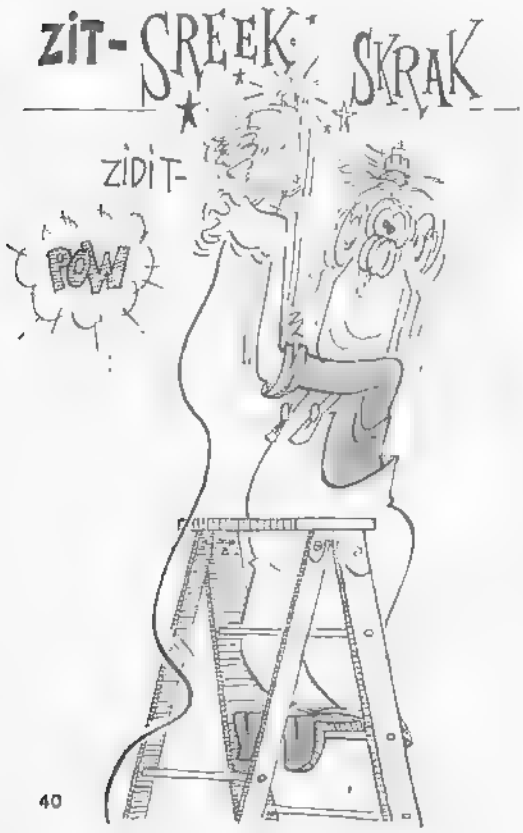
foul ball

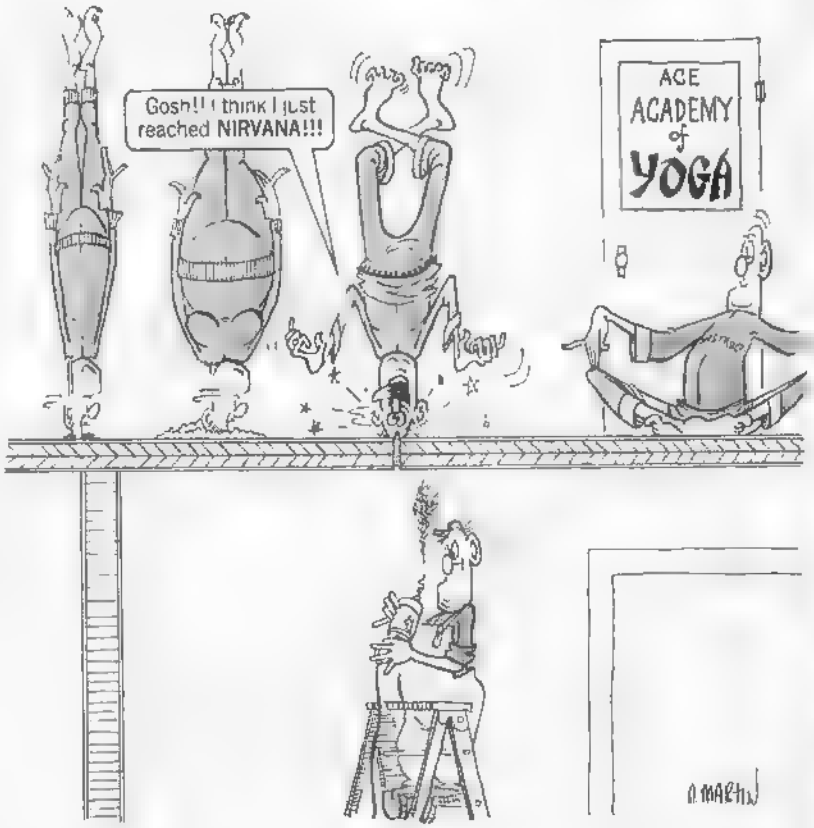


DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

THE ELECTRICIAN

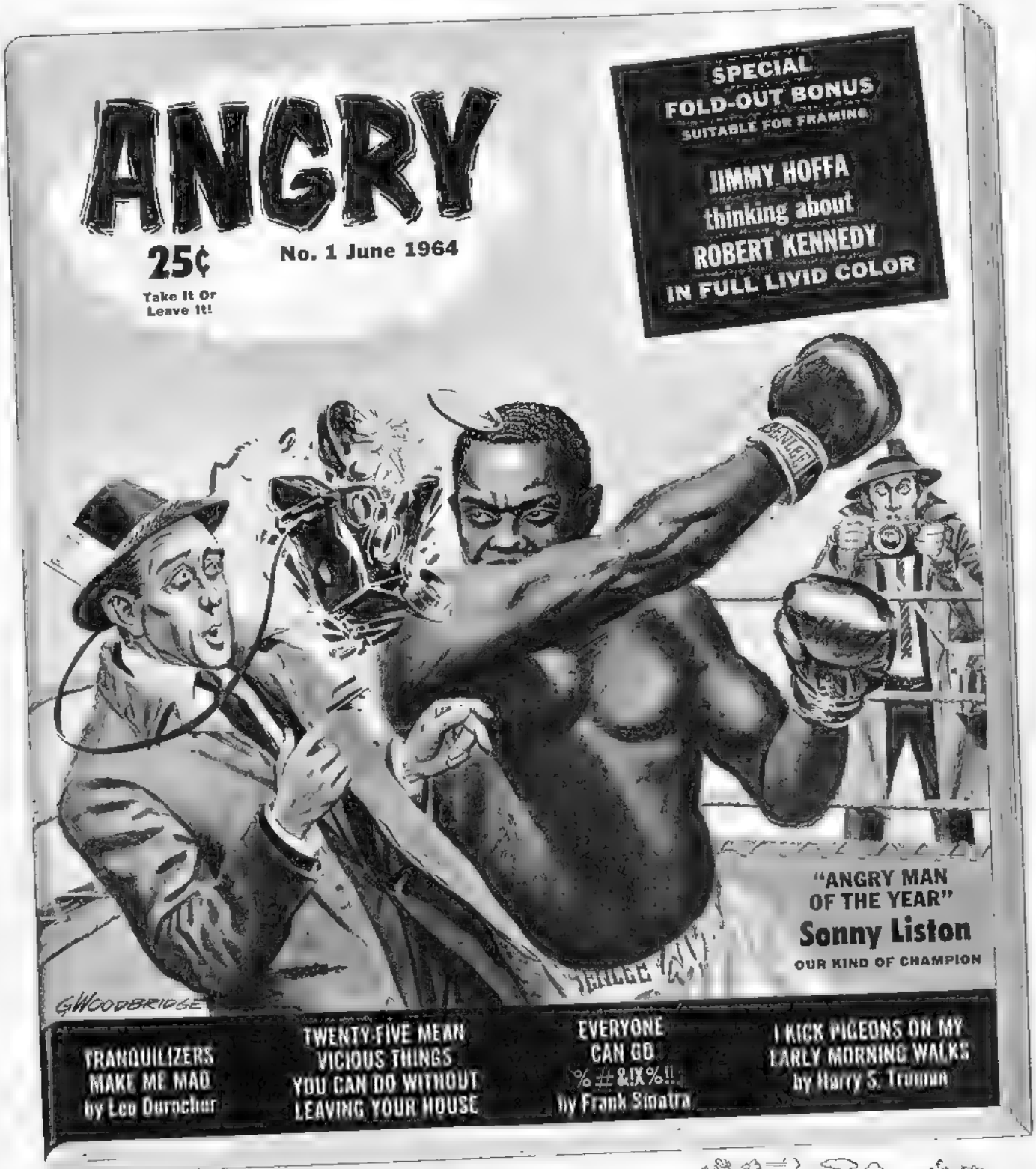






ACT YOUR RAGE DEPT.

Stop whatever you're doing and look around you. Now tell us the truth—do you see any happy, smiling faces? Of course not! Today, everybody walks around with a scowl or a frown. In short, today people are angry. But they're not allowed to express their anger! Society disapproves of screaming and raving and ranting and kicking the feet! So people are forced to hold themselves back, and let out their anger in more acceptable ways—like bowling, or watching prize fights, or joining the Cosa Nostra. And that's the trouble with the world today. MAD feels that if people want to get angry, they should be encouraged to get angry. One way to do this is to glamorize "Anger" the way we glamorize "Hot Rods" or "Movie Stars", with fan magazines! So here we go with our version of the magazine devoted to the elimination of ulcers, high blood pressure and heart attacks.



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: STAN HART

ANGRY MAGAZINE

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by Barry Goldwater and Hubert Humphrey
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ANGRY Magazine is published when we feel good and ready and not one minute before by Fed-Up Publications, Inc. Price per issue: 25¢. Subscription rate: 4 issues for $1.00. (If you think we're gonna give you a break just because you're too lazy to walk down to the corner newsstand, you got another think coming!) All unsolicited manuscripts will be torn up and thrown into the trash can, or in some cases we may send our big hulking stockroom boy over to your house to punch you one in the mouth for sending it in without being asked in the first place. Any similarity between names and places that appear in this magazine and those of real people and places is their tough luck. Let's see 'em hire a lawyer and try to do something about it!

This Month's Editorial

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

ANGRY Magazine's Editor became so angry while writing this month's editorial that he jammed a pencil into his hand and couldn't finish it. His editorial, therefore, will appear in next month's issue if the infection doesn't spread. And if it does, it'll serve him right, the dumb clutz! Anyway, in place of the editorial, we offer the following letter, which was the best one to cross our desk this month. Actually it was the only one to cross our desk this month! Why don't you lazy slobs get off your big fat butts and start writing some letters!

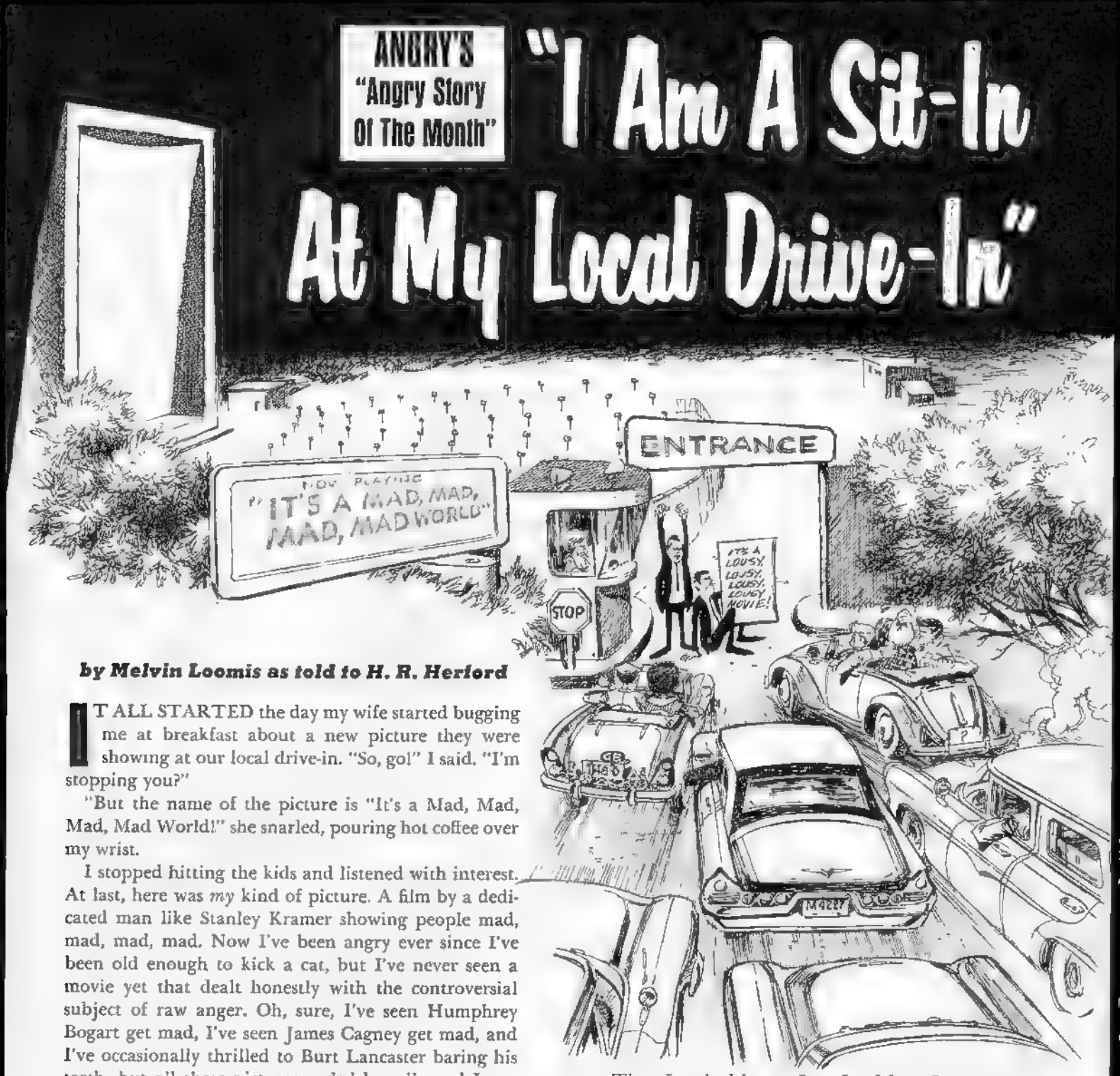
Dear Editor:

If there's anything I can't stand it's a guy who gets pushed around and doesn't get angry! Boy!! For instance, last Wednesday in the subway, this guy was getting pushed around by a nasty subway attendant. First the attendant poked him a couple of shots with a rolled up newspaper. Did this guy get sore? No! Then, the attendant kicked this guy into the doorway of the crowded subway car. What did the guy do? He smiled gratefully! And when the doors shut on this poor schnook's head, and the attendant rammed his fist into the guy's face and pushed him inside the car, did this guy get angry? Think he started a fight? Not on your life! He actually thanked the attendant for getting him in! Guys like that can drive you crazy! They shouldn't be allowed to ride subways! They should be locked up and the key thrown away!

(signed:) Irving Pitz
Subway Attendant

ANGRY'S "Angry Story Of The Month"

"I Am A Sit-In At My Local Drive-In"



by Melvin Loomis as told to H. R. Herford

IT ALL STARTED the day my wife started bugging me at breakfast about a new picture they were showing at our local drive-in. "So, go!" I said. "I'm stopping you?"

"But the name of the picture is "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World!" she snarled, pouring hot coffee over my wrist.

I stopped hitting the kids and listened with interest. At last, here was *my* kind of picture. A film by a dedicated man like Stanley Kramer showing people mad, mad, mad, mad. Now I've been angry ever since I've been old enough to kick a cat, but I've never seen a movie yet that dealt honestly with the controversial subject of raw anger. Oh, sure, I've seen Humphrey Bogart get mad, I've seen James Cagney get mad, and I've occasionally thrilled to Burt Lancaster baring his teeth—but all these pictures ended happily and I was left in a state of unrestrained fury. Here, now, was a picture I was really going to enjoy!

That night, we rushed to the drive-in, cutting off a few drivers on the way. After honking my horn furiously for the picture to start, it happened:

I gasped in disbelief when I heard the happy theme music! I recoiled in horror when I saw the colorful title! I had a seizure when I read the cast! There was no doubt about it! "It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" was a comedy, comedy, comedy, comedy!!

I started my car, squealed my tires as loud as I could, ground my gears, and raced around the drive-in for a full 20 minutes until they blocked me off and guided me out. Then I rushed home. In a fit of fury, I wrote a nasty letter to my Congressman (which was forwarded to him in Paris), but nothing happened. I next called the Federal Communications Commission to protest, but they transferred my call to the Bureau of Indian Affairs. That, I felt, was a brush-off, and I was not going to take this thing lying down. So I decided to *sit* down!

Yes, they can throw me in jail, they can threaten my family, Stanley Kramer can send his army of Hollywood goons to beat me up (Oh, he's got them!), but I'll never give up! I'll sit here until they change the fraudulent title of that disgusting picture if it takes all Winter! (Am I dictating too fast for you, Doctor?) And what's

Continued on page 78

"He was still using that greasy kid stuff—"

SAYS FAMOUS ANGRY MAJOR LEAGUER

Don Drysdale

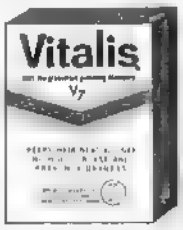
"—so I punched him right in the mouth!"

"If there's anything I can't stand, it's a kid who won't listen! If I told him once, I told him a dozen times not to use that greasy kid stuff! So what happens? Today, when we compared combs like we do after every ballgame, I saw that familiar goo all over his. Well, I just saw stars, that's all! I figured that one good rap in the puss is worth a thousand words!"

Don Drysdale is right! If you see someone using that greasy kid stuff, do what Don Drysdale does! Pow—right in the kisser! Meanwhile, use Vitalis on your own hair. It will never feel greasy, never look greasy, and you'll keep all your teeth, too!

Vitalis

The Angry Man's Hair Tonic



THE HOT CORNER

BLOWINGS-OFF AROUND TOWN

BY NELSON "NASTY" NUSSBAUM

First let old "Nasty" start off by wishing all my fans, "The same to you, pals!" And now for the latest flashes about fabulous flushes of fury: Congrats to Louis Lumpp for punching his shoe repair man in the mouth. It seems that the sole of one of Louis' shoes came loose last week, and he flapped for two blocks. Which is enough to make anyone mad! Right? Especially when the repairman had replaced worn heels only a week before. Yep, nobody makes a monkey out of Louis . . . Ditto to Albert Scrufula who phoned a bomb threat to his branch of the Public Library after reading through "The Brothers Karamazov" only to find the last twelve pages missing. Atta boy, Al!

* * * * *

Visiting hours for Hersh Kramer have not as yet been announced. Hersh, you will recall, ran amuck after he pressed the "down" button in a self-service elevator, and it went "up" instead. The elevator still hasn't been found . . . Fran Lucid is taking delivery on her new car tomorrow. She wrecked the old one when she threw it into reverse and stepped on the gas because a driver behind her honked his horn before the light changed . . . Nobody asked us, but—We feel Kyle Jablonski deserves to be acquitted. Wouldn't *you* set fire to the hobby shop that sold you a model plane kit with parts missing? . . . Hats off to Sol Carnivore who returned and poured the remains over the grocer's head when a milk carton began leaking as he was taking it home from the store.

* * * * *

Dip your pen in sunshine and write to Leonard Feimster. Len got sore at all the effort required to take pins out of new shirts, and decided to put on his new shirt without taking any pins out. He's healing nicely, thank you . . . Splittsville Special: Art and Cynthia Bile have called it quits. Seems that Art's car was blocked downtown by a double parker for twenty minutes, and it turned out that the car that was blocking Art belonged to his wife. The only obstacle in the way of a final settlement is the battle over cusody of the children. Both demand the other take the brats.

* * * * *

Kudos for Babette Klontz. She was the only member of the Ed Sullivan Show audience who booed instead of applauding when Regis Toomey did his clumsy Irish step dance . . . If you shake hands with Sandford Reiber, don't be surprised if they're soaking wet. Sandy is protesting those tedious time-wasting hot-air-hand-dryers in public washrooms. We're with you, Sandy! . . . Bail Bond money is now being solicited from all ANGRY readers for the "Lenny Bung Defense Fund". Lenny, you will recall, savagely attacked a luncheonette counterman when his sunnyside up eggs came with their yolks broken. We contend it was justifiable homicide . . . Congrats to Paul Renfield, who said goodbye to his friend of 27 years by busting him in the mouth. Seems that Paul was drinking a coke, when his friend said, "Save me a little at the end!"

* * * * *

The murder at the smart East Side Gin Rummy Club has been solved. The hero is Irving Druid, who knifed Harvey Heathkit when Harvey got "gin", laid down his cards, and asked sarcastically, "What's the name of the game?" . . . Hats off to the four guys who tipped over the newsstand at Main and Fourth when they discovered the sports sections missing from their Sunday papers . . . Schoolgirl Pat Warton is looking for the person who sold her a Spanish Textbook with the wrong translations pencilled in. When you find him, let him have one for us, Pat . . Cheers to Garry Mishkin who dumped his friend, Fred Herts, from his speeding car on the Jersey Turnpike. Seems that Garry let go when Fred feigned being asleep for the fourth time as they reached a toll booth . . . Best Tip of the Month: Mel Keester's suggestion on what to do when people stare at you on the bus "Pick your nose!" advises Mel.

* * * * *

Hats off to Herman Gleek who rammed his car into the one he was following last week when it went seventeen blocks with its directional signal flashing, and never made a turn . . . Congrats to Oscar Rubble who belted a guy in a barber shop after waiting thirty-five minutes for him to finish having his hair cut, only to watch him suddenly decide to have a shave, too! We know the feeling, Oscar . . . Here are more suggestions for golden opportunities to blow your top: Zip tapes that break before the package of cigarettes is fully open . . . Shoelaces that break while you're tying them . . . Salesgirls who start waiting on you, and then go off on coffee breaks . . . But don't get me wrong, I'm still angry!

ANGRY'S "Pet Hate Of The Month"

Each issue, the editors of ANGRY *select a "Pet Hate" upon which you can release all your pent-up anger. In future issues, we will invite you to vent your wrath on such infuriating subjects as Durward Kirby, Howard Johnson Restaurants, Doris Day's Freckles, Pay Toilets, and Mother's Day Cards. This month, let's all get good and sore at . . .*

The Gypsies

GYPSIES are getting away with murder! Look at them—singing, dancing, loving, blighting the landscape with sickening happiness! Do you want your children exposed to these carefree influences that rob them of their greatest possession: Anger?

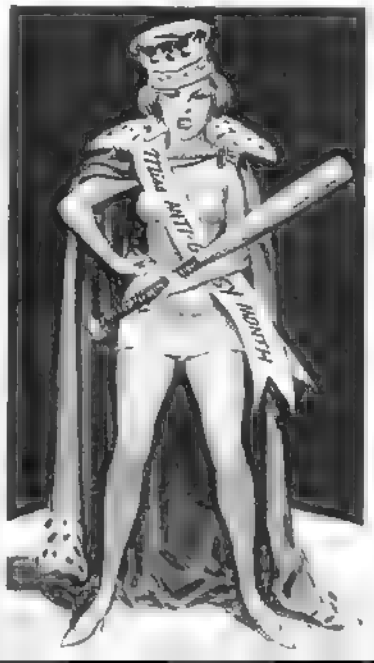
Well, what are you going to do about it? Right now, there are 625 known Gypsies in the U.S.A., and they are increasing at the alarming rate of 22 per year! Just stop and think about this: If they continue their menacing growth rate (and we stop), by July 8, 3964, they will outnumber us! We must act now to stop this Gypsy population explosion! Are we alarmists? Well, how would you like to wake up one morning in July, 3964, and find that you are "The Pet Hate Of The Month" in some Gypsy Magazine? Not a pretty thought, is it?

To meet this threat, ANGRY Magazine has set aside June as "National Anti-Gypsy Month." All ANGRY readers will be encouraged to tell Gypsy jokes, smash Hungarian records, and picket Ilona Massey movies. In addition, to popularize our ANGRY cause, we plan the following campaign:

Day-Glo auto stickers will carry our messages of hate directly to the Gypsy population centers . . . wherever they happen to be that day.

Children will participate in a door-to-door campaign selling cookies with anti-gypsy messages inside. This will give people something to sink their teeth into.

A contest will be held to select "Miss Anti-Gypsy." She will be chosen not only for her figure but for her angry expression. She will make personal appearances on the Late Late Late Show.



Our paid lobbyists in Washington, D. C. will persuade the Post Office Department to issue a special "Anti-Gypsy Commemorative Stamp." The glue will taste rotten, giving people an angrier association with Gypsies.

MICKEY ROONEY

An eloquent example of the adage "big anger always comes in small packages", Mr. Rooney has been teed off for most of his 45 years. While coming to our office, he had to be restrained from belting the elevator man in the mouth because he thought he was a policeman.

WALTER REUTHER

To make sure that Mr. Reuther would be in the proper frame of mind for the discussion, we told him it would be a Collective Bargaining session. Mr. Reuther is on the phone ordering a picket line around Mr. Rooney for abusing a Union Elevator Operator.

THE ANGRY PANEL

A Provocative Discussion

ANGRY MODERATOR: All right, you guys, knock it off! Look, this ain't my idea, you know! I don't like it any more than you do, but I don't make the rules! I just work here! I'm not paid to think! This stupid boss of mine . . .

GOLDWATER: Why don't you shut up? If there's anything that gets me sore, it's a guy who knocks management! It only proves what I've been saying: We're turning into a nation of cry babies!

REUTHER: You calling the workers of America cry babies? You know something, I don't like your attitude! And you know something else? I don't like your face!

ROONEY: You should talk! Pushing big corporations around just because you're bigger! Boy, if you were my size . . .

REUTHER: I was—when I was six!

ROONEY: Wanna get hit with a chair or something?

ROGERS: Anyone want a cauliflower ear?

GOLDWATER: Stop it! You're all acting like animals! Can't we settle our differences with simple back-biting, vicious innuendoes and religious slurs?

REUTHER: Don't get so high-and-mighty, you robber baron —you exploiter of the little man—

ROONEY: Nobody's exploiting me, buster!

ROGERS: Aw, your mother wears sweat socks!

GOLDWATER: Hah! See? What did I tell you? First someone feels free to attack Capitalism, and the next thing you know they're attacking Motherhood! No wonder we're losing the Space Race!

REUTHER: If you're so fond of space, how'd you like a quick trip to the moon via the knuckles rocket?

ROONEY: Bullies! Bullies! You're all bullies!

ROGERS: Stand up and say that, pipsqueak!

ROONEY: I *am* standing up, you big ox!

ROGERS: I ain't Big Ox! He's my partner in the Tag Team Matches!

ANGRY MODERATOR: Fellows! Fellows . . . Oh, what do I care! Go ahead! Beat each other's brains out . . .

"NATURE BOY" BUDDY ROGERS & SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER

These two members of the Angry panel arrived early, and began their own discussion. On top with a brilliant leg lock is Sen. Goldwater, who is a fine wrestler, having held Old Father Time to a draw on many occasions. Mr. Rogers, on the bottom, is a professional wrestling champion every other week, and recently was presented with TV's coveted "Emmy Award" for "Most Consecutive Refusals To Shake Hands With An Opponent In A Comedy Series".

NEXT MONTH'S ANGRY PANEL: Jack Paar and Frank Sinatra discuss Dorothy Kilgallen —*who hates her more!*

THE NOSY PHOTOGRAPHER

by Emile "Flash" Zitzlaff

QUESTION: *What made you angry in the past week?*

(Asked on a crowded bus during rush hour)

MRS. SELMA RATFINK
Neurotic Housewife

My kid, that's what. Last Tuesday I looked out the window and saw the dumb brat playing right in the middle of the street! I ran down and grabbed him just as a car came along. I dragged him up five flights of stairs. I banged his head against the wall, I beat him with a belt, and I socked him with a baseball bat. Then, when my husband came home from work, he took his turn. When will kids learn that they can get hurt playing in traffic?

MR. OSCAR LAHR
Tough Longshoreman

I'm still mad! I puts a penny inna gum machine dis morning, and nuttin' comes out. So I gives de mechanism a couple of taps of encouragement. An' still nuttin' happens. So I gives it de flat of my hand. Still nuttin'. So I gives it a real belt. Y' know what I mean? Like, pow! De glass breaks, an' blood is suddenly squirtin' all over de place. My blood! I runs to de doctor an' he sews it up for twenny five dollars. Den he tells me I'm too high-strung—dat I should relax by cuttin' down in my smoking. He tells me I should try chewin' gum instead!

MRS. ARTHUR REGO-PARK
Old Married Woman

Dinah Shore! When she finished her TV Special the other night, she threw a kiss at my husband Arthur. I was in the same room with him, and I saw her! Well, it just so happens I'm a George Montgomery fan, and the idea of that woman trying to get intimate with my husband is just too much. I never allowed my successful career as Treasurer of the Golden Age Girls to interfere with my marriage. If I could stay married to a clod like Arthur, she certainly could have stayed married to that wonderful George Montgomery!

MR. ERSKINE BILGE
Typical Accountant

Boy, did my neighbor make me mad this past week! He's got this big dog, see . . . and he walks him in front of my house. He doesn't even curb the lousy mutt! And I always find out when he's been along the hard way! Which is bad enough, except when he sees me walking along scraping my foot on the sidewalk, he always laughs and says, "Hi, Chester! How's Marshall Dillon?" Oooh! He makes me so mad, I could spit. In fact, I think I will. Pttew! Oh, I m sorry! I didn't see your shoe!

MR. EUGENE POTNIK
Man of Limited Tastes

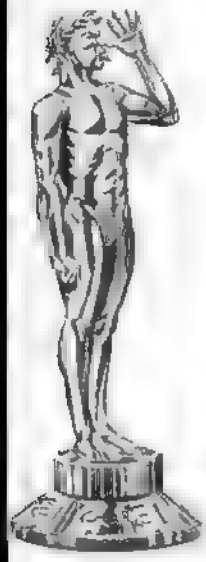
You know what made me mad this past week? The same thing that makes me mad every time I go into a restaurant. The waiter who tells me, "Sorry, no substitutions!" I mean, so I can't stand broccoli, asparagus, or rhubarb! So shoot me! All I ask is a simple favor. When the menu says: "Chopped Steak, Mashed Potatoes and Broccoli"—all I want is they should substitute Corn, or Carrots or Peas for the Broccoli. But no! There's always a waiter who sneers, "Sorry, no substitutions!" Boy, does that make me feel like blowing my stack! But I always get even. When it comes time to leave a tip, I hand him a dime—then I do a double take. I look at it, shrug my shoulders and say, "Gee, I meant to give you a buck! I must've made a mistake! But sorry, no substitutions!"

MR. BILL NIBLICK
Unemployed Bully

Hah? Wha—? Hey, Buddy, you know me? I'm an old friend of yours or something? Then who do you think you are, asking me a lot of personal questions! Get lost! Huh? Oh, yeah? Well take this, you punk . . .

ANGRY'S "SPECIAL SERVICE AWARD OF THE MONTH"

For Outstanding Contributions To The Cause Of Anger



THE FIRST HALF OF THE ANACIN COMMERCIAL

In presenting this award, the Editors wish to thank the makers of Anacin for portraying anger in 'all its pristine beauty to millions of Americans

ANGRY CLASSIFIED ADS

Lost and Found

LOST, Solid Gold Man's Watch. The low down rat who found it better return it and be damn quick about it! Disguise your voice (for your own protection) and call AQ 5-0799 after 6 P.M. Ask for "Steamed Up."

LOST, Huge German Shepherd named "Marvin Jeffrey." He doesn't do any tricks, never responds to any commands, turns vicious without provocation, and can eat you out of house and ho-- Come to think of it, who needs such a rotten mutt? Finders, keepers!

Public Notices

I AM no longer responsible for the debts incurred by my rotten no-good 3-year-old son, Mitchell Steven, who refuses to stop watching TV long enough to say hello to me! Stanley Ganug, New York City, N. Y.

SHELDON, MY SON, please come home. Since you ran away, your mother has been miserable. She throws temper tantrums all day and screams all night. Please come home and take her away with you! Grant Withers, Lodi, N. J.

For Sale

DART BOARDS, Special Offer to ANGRY readers. Each Dart Board features a nice warm lovable person you hate. Send $2.00 each and indicate your choice of Art Linkletter, Fay Bainter, Garry Moore, Calvin The Handyman, or all the Crest kids Who Had Fewer Cavities. HOSTILITY PRODUCTS, Box 125, Angry Magazine.

COMPLETE TRANSCRIPTS of every Divorce Hearing TV Show from 1959 thru 1962. Hours of aggravation are yours if you and your wife act out the different parts. A sure-fire anger provoker. $3.00 each. Write SORE-HEAD SCRIPTS, Box 189, Angry Magazine

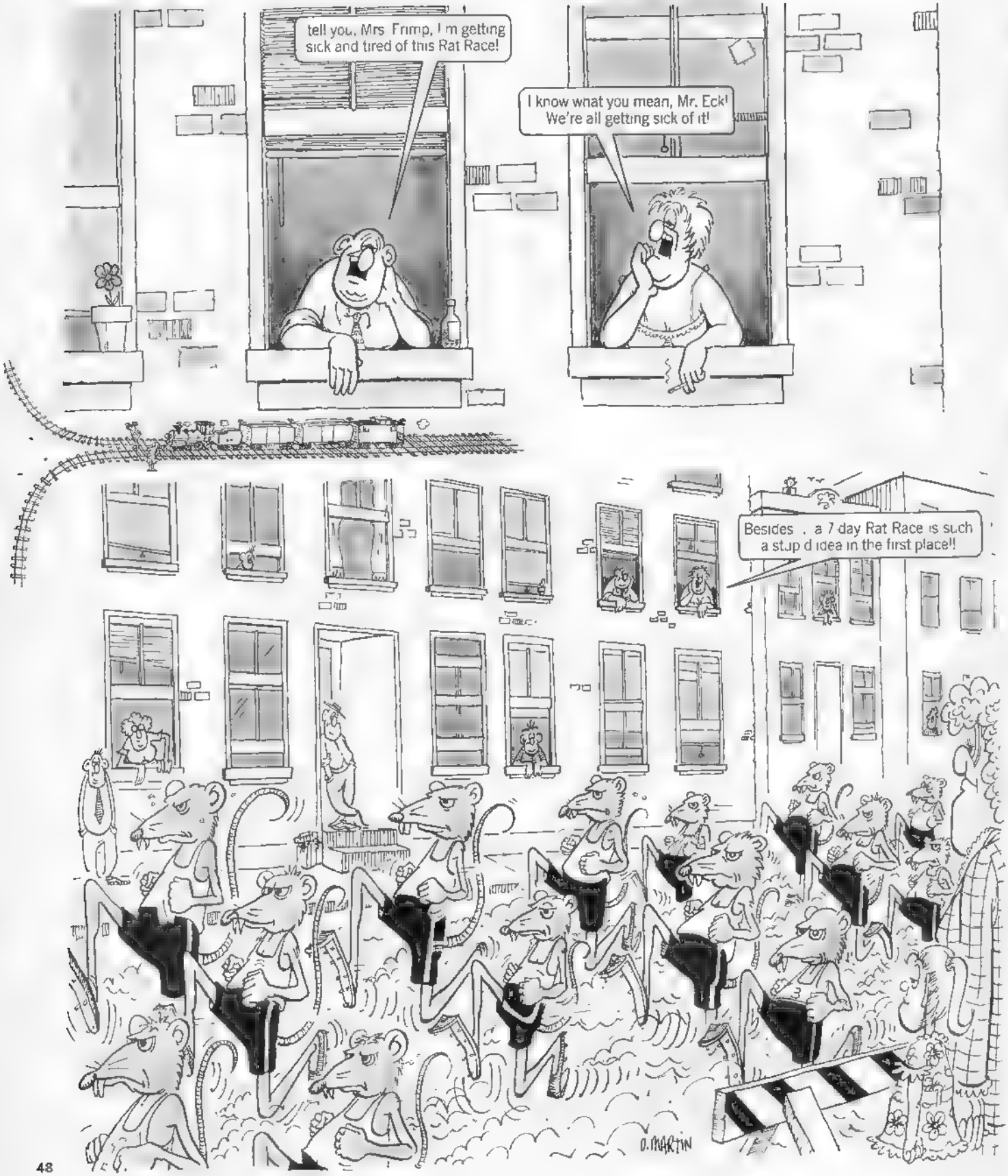
SHOW THAT YOU REALLY BELONG. Wear an ANGRY Sweatshirt. Each sweatshirt has a picture of one of the "Big Four" of Angrydom. Adolph Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Attila the Hun or Roger Maris. Order yours today. Include choice. Only $4.95 each

Miscellaneous

TIRED OF PROTEST GROUPS that are all talk and no action. Well here's good news. "The Sons of Banzai" have opened their books to limited membership in their esteemed action-protest group. Applications to join this ancient and honorable secret Japanese society are now being accepted in time for our Spring Suicide Bombing of American transistor radio factories. Write in code to: Sons Of Banzai, Cave #781, Okinawa (diagonally across from the Kosher Delicatessen).

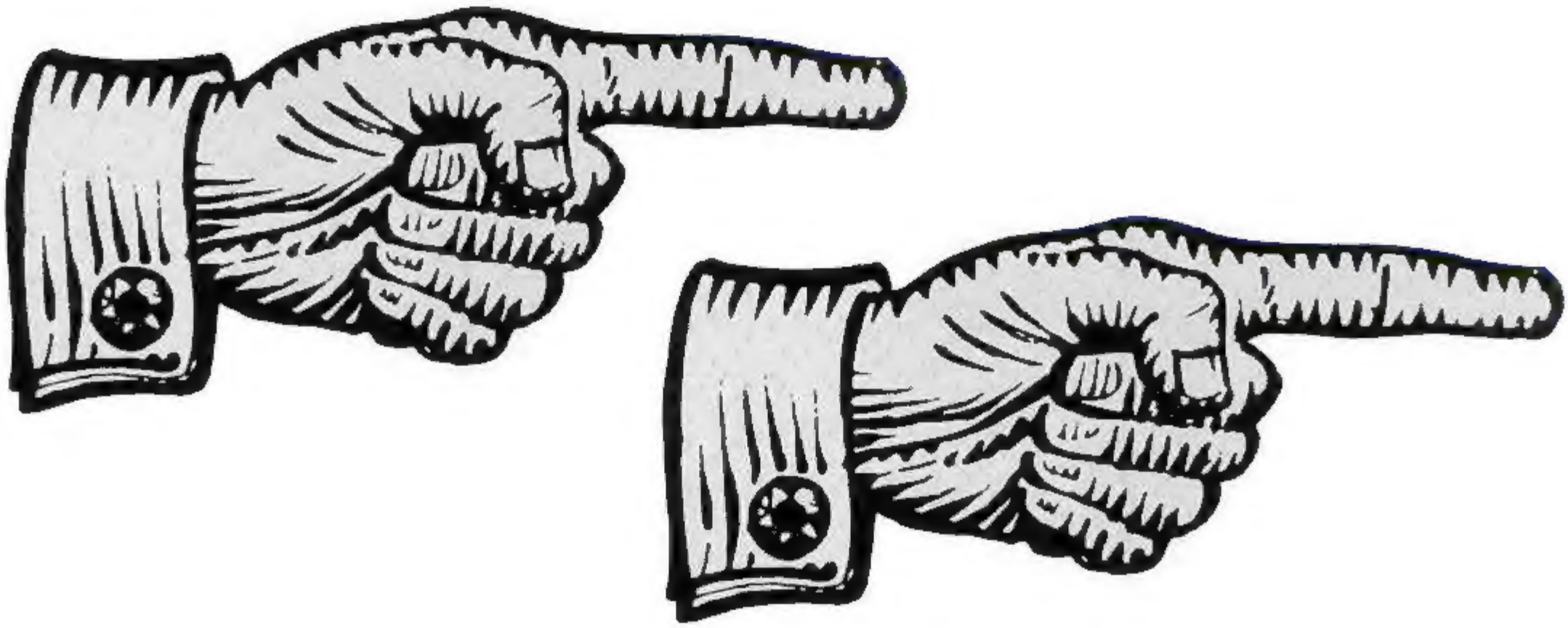
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

AN EVENING IN THE CITY



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



THIS MONTH'S ECONOMY-MINDED, BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE-PAGE

MAD FOLD-IN

Someone here wants to be President of The United States more than anyone else in the whole wide world. Can you guess who it is? Well, all you have to do is fold this page in (as per directions) and see

WHO WANTS TO BE PRESIDENT MORE THAN ANYTHING?

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER TO LEFT

FOLD THIS SECTION BACK TO RIGHT

RICH CANDIDATES ROCKEFELLER AND GOLDWATER WOULD FIGHT HARD IN ANY PRE-CONVENTION DEBATES, WEAKENING UNITY, SO NIXING IDEA WAS BEST FOR PARTY'S CHANCES TO BEAT JOHNSON

Time and time again, he has insisted to the Press that he is absolutely positively not interested in becoming involved in any inter-party mudslinging. So says Barry, refusing to meet and debate with Rocky. He feels such a debate would tend to expose weakness in the Republican Party, and hurt either of their chances of becoming President. However, people close to him—who know him intimately — claim that this is far from the real truth!

THIS MONTH'S E

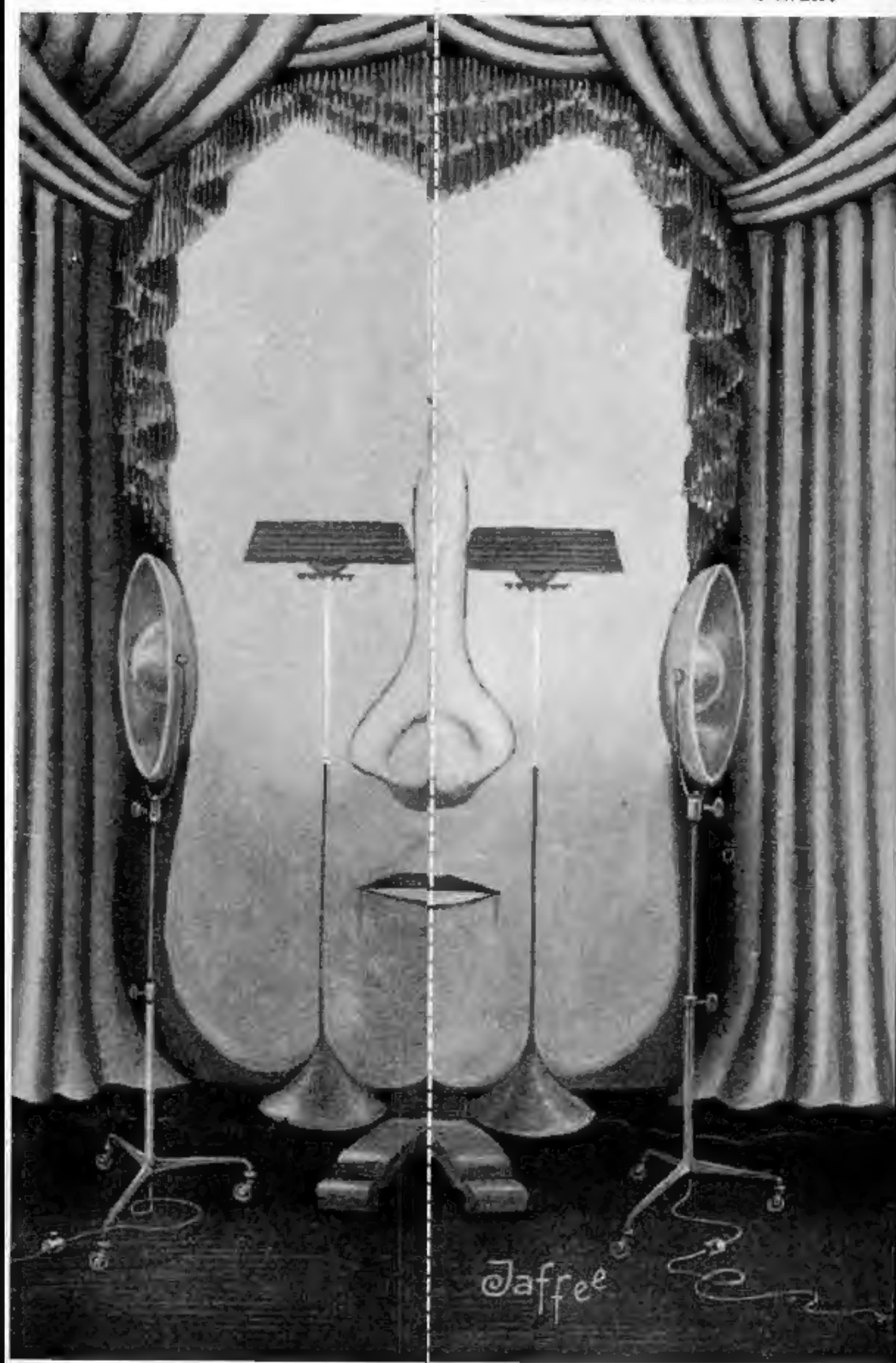
MAI

Someone here want
anyone else in the
all you have to do

FOLD PAGE IN LIKE THIS

WHO WANTN ANYTHING?

FOLD THIS SECTION BACK TO RIGHT



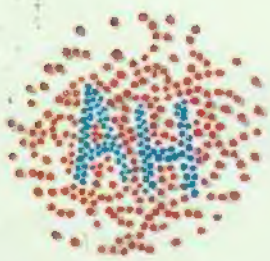
RICHARD

NIXON

Time and time again, he has insisted to the Press that he is absolutely positively not interested in becoming President. However, people close to him—who know him intimately — claim that this is far from the real truth!

What have we got against colds?

Absolutely nothing! We love 'em!



We manufacture capsules that have these tiny red "time pills" which stop sniffles and runny nose.

They also have yellow and white "time pills" which stop sneezing and gagging and choking and yecching.

These "time pills" don't actually cure the cold — they just suppress the symptoms so you feel good.

That's how we move plenty of these capsules. You go around spreading cold germs instead of staying in bed.

Today's largest selling substitute for legitimate prescription cold remedies.